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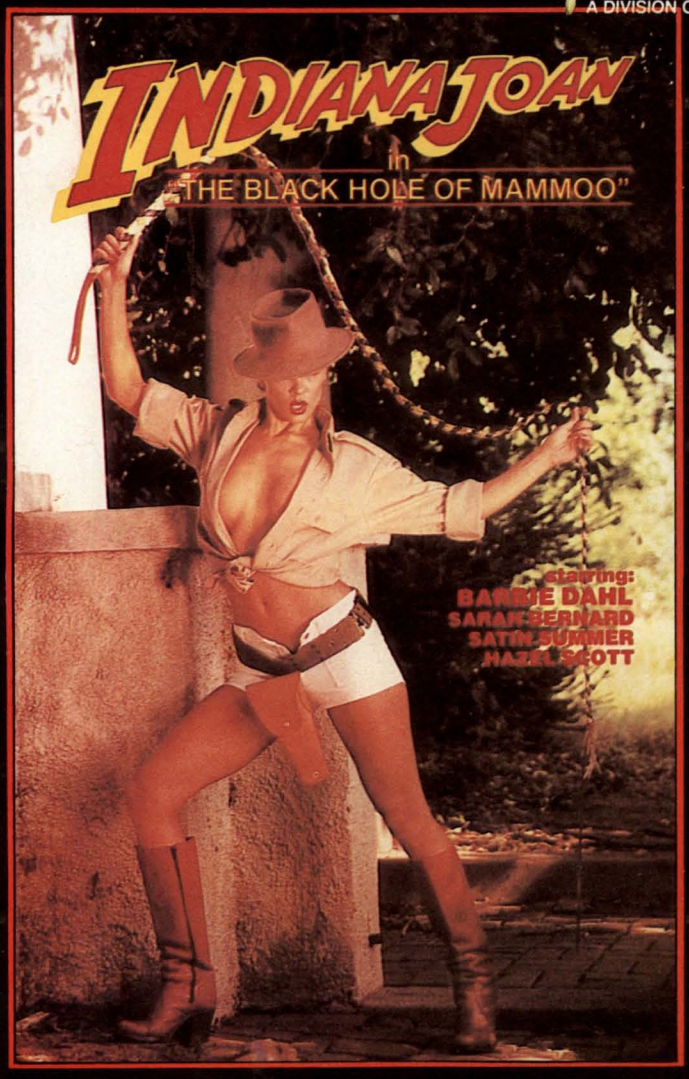
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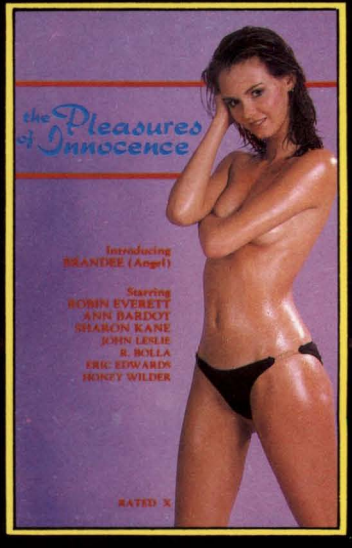
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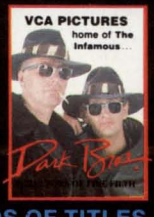


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HUSTLER®

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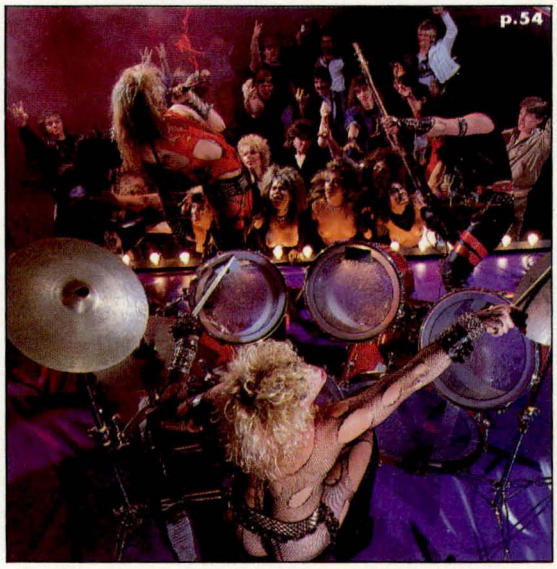
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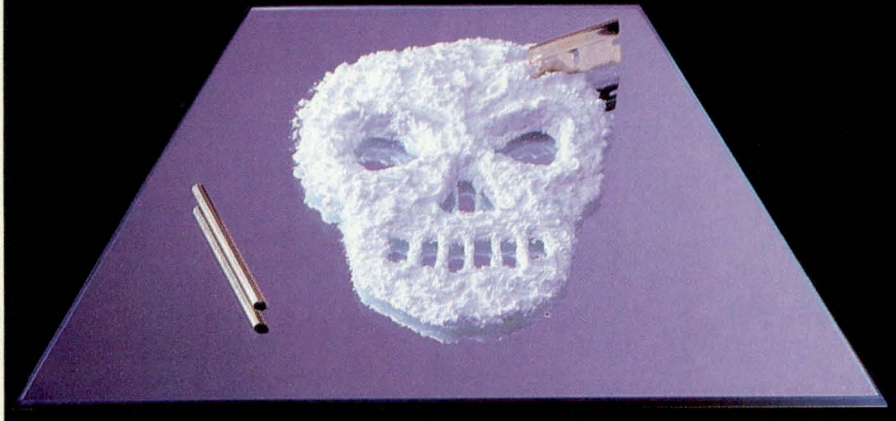
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BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT



Drugs Are for Losers

A PUBLIC-SERVICE MESSAGE FROM HUSTLER MAGAZINE

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Feedback

JERRY FALWELL:
Being an avid reader of your publication, I enjoy every aspect of HUSTLER–the articles, the humor and cartoons and, of course, the lovely ladies. All this is too good to be true! The problem is that I attend a college in Lynchburg, Virginia, and you just can't find a copy in that neck of the woods. The only time I get to enjoy your magazine is when I go home. This whole thing seems fucked up!

And who's behind all this? Jerry Falwell. He's just trying to break your balls because of that hilarious ad parody you ran a while back–which is now displayed proudly on my door at school. Fuck him if he can't take a joke! He is oppressing your publication, and in turn he's oppressing me.

HUSTLER has never taken shit from anybody before; so why now? Falwell can't control the press! We want HUSTLER in Lynchburg! –Wreckless
Lynchburg, Virginia

I am appalled at that maggot-slurping Reverend Scum. With people in India dying from a chemical spill, hostages in the Middle East being tortured, innocent people in Central America being killed and starvation rampant around the world, that money-grubbing asshole and his lawyer go picking on a cripple–one of the greatest men of our time, Larry Flynt!

Something just doesn't Fall Well with me. If that self-proclaimed "deity" is such a "man of God," whatever happened to turning the other cheek? Instead of doing some good in this world by helping the poor and suffering or trying to achieve global peace, etc., he wastes valuable court time attacking our civil rights. But, then, he must be forgiven, for he too is a cripple–a mental cripple and an awful waste of DNA. –B. L.
City Heights, California

Pornographers and their customers don't give any money to churches. For this reason the Moral Majority preachers want that kind of sex *outlawed* in the name of God.

Even religious girls like to wear sexy bathing suits at the beach, but their parents donate money to churches–so Moral Majority preachers want that kind of sex *legalized* in the name of God.
–Name and Address
Withheld by Request

I feel that the recent court decision awarding the Reverend Jerry Falwell $200,000 because of the ad parody you ran in the November '83 issue was totally unfair.

Also, thanks for the public-service ad in the February '85 issue with celebrities whose abuse of drugs led to their deaths. You're right: Drugs *are* for losers. –J. M.
Scott, Louisiana

See pages 74-75 for nationwide media reaction to Flynt vs. Falwell.



Dale Bozzio Exposed

HOT TICKET:
One of your January '85 photo-features was titled *Hot Ticket*. I thought it was fantastic–a guy and girl getting it on at a porn-movie theater! My favorite shot was when the stunning blonde had her partner's cock pressed between her lovely breasts as she anticipated sucking it off. Please show more of this beautiful young lady, who reminds me so much of myself.
–H. H.
Nashville, Tennessee

Why not send a Polaroid of yourself in to Beaver Hunt? We'd like to see how you stack up.

DALE BOZZIO:
I have been reading HUSTLER for eight years and have never once sent a letter (other than my subscription orders). I feel that *Dale Bozzio: Chart Topper/Heart Stopper* is the best thing that could have happened to that sexy singer's career. But when are we going to see some pink from Madonna or Kim Wilde? –D. N.
Squaw Valley, California

Good news. We're looking for more hot rockers to show pink in HUSTLER.

PERSECUTION OF LARRY FLYNT:
I am writing in regard to HUSTLER's January '85 *Guest Editorial*, "The Persecution of Larry Flynt" by Dr. Timothy Leary. I was amazed at his clarity and directness. About nine years ago I saw him lecture at a community college, and he

seemed to be a complete airhead who refused to confront current issues. I am relieved and grateful that Dr. Leary is now more earthbound and putting himself "out there"–in the social limelight.

I am especially thankful that people like Larry Flynt and Timothy Leary are boldly putting their asses on the line to present the *truth* to the American public and to the rest of the world.

–Michael D. Anthony
San Jose, California

Dr. Timothy Leary's *Guest Editorial* "The Persecution of Larry Flynt" really hit the nail on the head. Big Brother is creating a government-controlled welfare state.

A while back someone said, "When they came to arrest the Jews, I wasn't worried, because I wasn't Jewish. Then they came to arrest the Methodists . . ." and so on.

Too many people forget that the government neither produces nor earns anything of value–it's merely a leech that feeds off of the working man. I and 6 million others have told the Internal Revenue Service to kiss our asses. I would rather go to jail than contribute to an illegal tax system. You must cut the jugular vein. Shut off the source of their leeching, and we'll be back to the Constitution. –Walter Fritz
Schnecksville, Pennsylvania

This is in response to Dr. Timothy Leary's *Guest Editorial* "The Persecution of Larry Flynt." Leary's reasoning and writing couldn't be more moving or impressive. He has certainly told it like it is, and what this country needs is more intellectuals like him to awaken the people's minds and to arouse the latent disregard of our God-given freedoms before they are entirely lost to us!

We, as a so-called free nation, are so prone to take for granted our own innate freedom that we have become blind to those forces in our lives which are slowly but surely eroding our God-given rights. As a result, we have become a nation of subservient, mindless individuals.

A reversal of our present-day policies (easier said than done) and a return to the original concept and enforcement of the Bill of Rights as written by our Founding Fathers, for the betterment of all concerned, is in order! –E. Sanders
Ely, Nevada

DEAR LARRY FLYNT:
How does it feel to be the *filthiest-minded* man in the world? How does it feel to destroy? Is this what you want to contribute to mankind? –Name Withheld by Request
Hillsdale, Michigan

Mankind doesn't need any help from me.
–L. F.



CARTOON FLAK:
I have almost every issue of HUSTLER printed. I used to prefer your magazine to all others because you had the balls to tell it like it is. But I must protest two cartoons in your January '85 issue. The one showing the Three Wise Men outside a Bethlehem abortion clinic made me sick to my stomach. Why in hell do you continue to ridicule Christ in your cartoons? And the one showing the baby Jesus being given gifts of a cross, hammer and nails wasn't much better either.

You constantly use sick, inhuman cartoons portraying Jesus in them. At $3.95 a copy, your magazine could print better cartoons than those deriding Christ. HUSTLER is nothing but trash, and I honestly don't know why I buy it.

Dwaine Tinsley, who drew those two cartoons, is an egg-sucking, rotten son of a bitch. He's fucking crazy to portray my Savior in such tasteless cartoons. He should be your next Asshole of the Month. Larry Flynt, you must have shit for brains to allow such material to be published. Maybe if you'd got shot in the head, a lot of people would be better off.

I have spent my last dollar on your shitty, tasteless excuse for a magazine. You all are sick bastards. One day you all will have to answer for what you've done. You'll all burn in hell, you shitheads. Fuck you all. You probably haven't got the balls to print this. –M. C.
Fort Campbell, Kentucky

We do have the balls to print your letter–and the balls to be the most controversial magazine in the world.

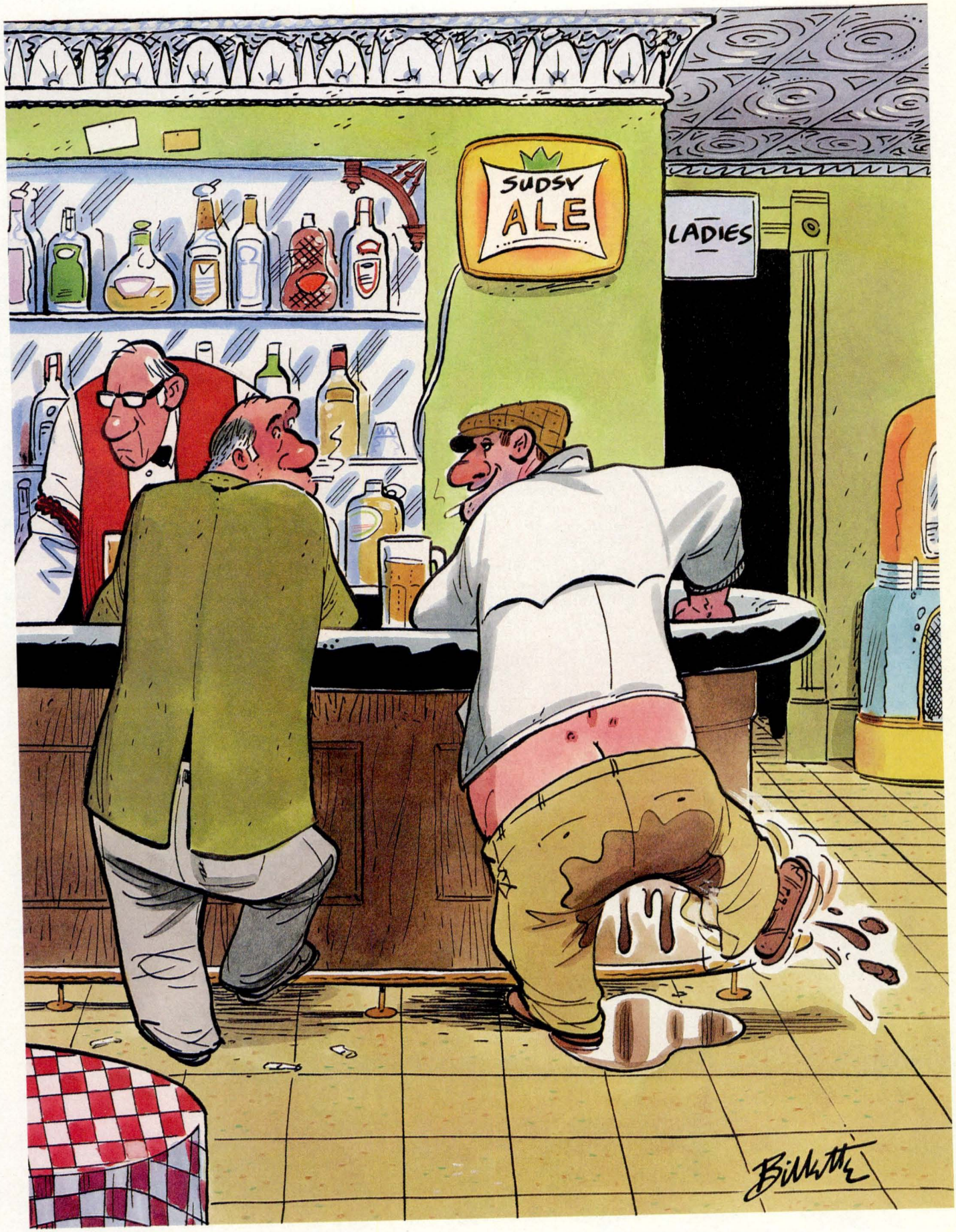
In reference to your tasteless cartoon on page 63 of the January '85 issue of HUSTLER, I must express my feelings. It shows the baby Jesus in a manger scene with the Three Wise Men bearing gifts of spikes, a hammer and a cross. The inhuman attitude taken toward such a sacred subject is beyond humanity–it is barbaric, demonic and vile.

This same Jesus you so casually ridicule, however, died for *you* as well as the holiest of men. Even if you were the only human being on Earth, He would still have died that horrible death in your place. He died for YOU.

I will be there on Judgment Day when you stand next to Pontius Pilate and Judas Iscariot!! Now make a cartoon of that!! –L. F.
Buras, Louisiana

HUSTLER finds no subject too sacred to poke fun at.

Because of your January '85 full-page cartoon concerning the Special Olympics, I feel your humor is sick and offen-



"Been drinkin' beer 40 years, and I still can't tell the wet farts from the dry ones!"

sive. Furthermore, if Larry Flynt allows such trash in his magazine, then he should have gotten a bullet in his head rather than being paralyzed for life. Then we could all make fun of him. –M. M.
Newtown, Pennsylvania

LABORATORY BARBARISM:
Bravo for Francesca Garrett's investigative report, *The Horror of Animal Experimentation* (November '84). Those sadistic asshole scientists have to be stopped. If the bastards want to experiment so bad, let them do it to each other, not to helpless animals. –G. P.
Ponca City, Oklahoma

For information on stopping animal research, contact: Animal Liberation (319 W. 74th St., New York, NY 10023) or National Anti-Vivisection Society (100 E. Ohio St., Chicago, IL 60611).

LIVING DOLLS:
Your January '85 issue was out of sight. I especially enjoyed the photo-feature *Living Dolls*, which included satisfying shots of a black woman. Who needs Vanessa Williams? –G.R.H.
Address Withheld by Request

ROXANNE:
It is with pleasure and sincere thanks that I commend you on your photo-layout *Roxanne: Night Line* (January '85). It indeed was your very best! I have a lust for women's feet, and Roxanne has the most provocative, stimulating feet I have ever seen. Also, I would like to see more bare feet in upcoming issues of HUSTLER.
–Eddie
Vacaville, California

PHOTO SUGGESTIONS:
I started reading HUSTLER back when you featured *Butch and His Georgia Peach* (December '75). How about running a new photo-set with that well-hung stud and a horny white chick? Or better yet, how about John Holmes with a black chick and Butch with a white girl all in the same superhot photo-session? What a foursome!!!

One more thing: I get tired of buying HUSTLER and seeing lesbians going at it in your pictorials. –E.P.G.
Columbus, Georgia

MORE PECKERS?
My husband and I love your magazine, and we have copies scattered about our home, business and all of our cars. We love group sex, and we provide all sorts of movies that can be operated from our hot tub.

My girlfriends and I would like to see more sexy photos of men's dicks in HUSTLER! I get all bent out of shape just looking at cocks and sure would like to see more–even black ones.

A girlfriend of mine who is going through menopause gets her rocks off just looking at a man's cock! She loves to feel them while dancing and going down a line of men while they are standing at a bar. I too like to fondle them, but it's best if they are uncovered. I prefer to suck a man's penis. I get all turned on while hot cum flows down my throat!

Please show us some more pricks! Yeah, even Larry Flynt's. –L. M.
Lagrange, Indiana

I never really concerned myself with men's magazines until I started living with my husband. Now when each issue of HUSTLER comes out, he and I fight to see who gets to see it first–and I usually win. I get very sexually aroused by it, especially the male-female photo-sets. I think there should be more peckers in your magazine. –Mrs. C.
North Branford, Connecticut

My wife and I both enjoy your publication. She gets very turned on by the pictorials, particularly those with a nice big cock positioned and ready for penetration. Afterward I have a red-hot lovemaking session with her. –D. K.
Los Angeles, California

FEMINIST DRIVEL:
After running across a copy of your magazine at a friend's house, I knew that I had to write and express my concern for so-called men's magazines.

Pornography is widespread in our land of free speech. I do believe in that right, but I often question whether it has gone too far. It is very disturbing to me how women and sex are depicted in a magazine like yours. Certainly sex is not sinful or dirty, but rather an intricate part of our lives. Sex is a private affair between the parties involved, and something very vital and special is destroyed when it becomes a spectator sport.

I would like to think of our male population as intelligent beings, and hope that they view women not as open prey for a "good time," as they are depicted in dehumanizing poses in pornographic magazines. If a man were truly comfortable with his sexuality, exposure to explicit photographs of the female anatomy would be unnecessary. A little imagination can speak louder than crude photographs.

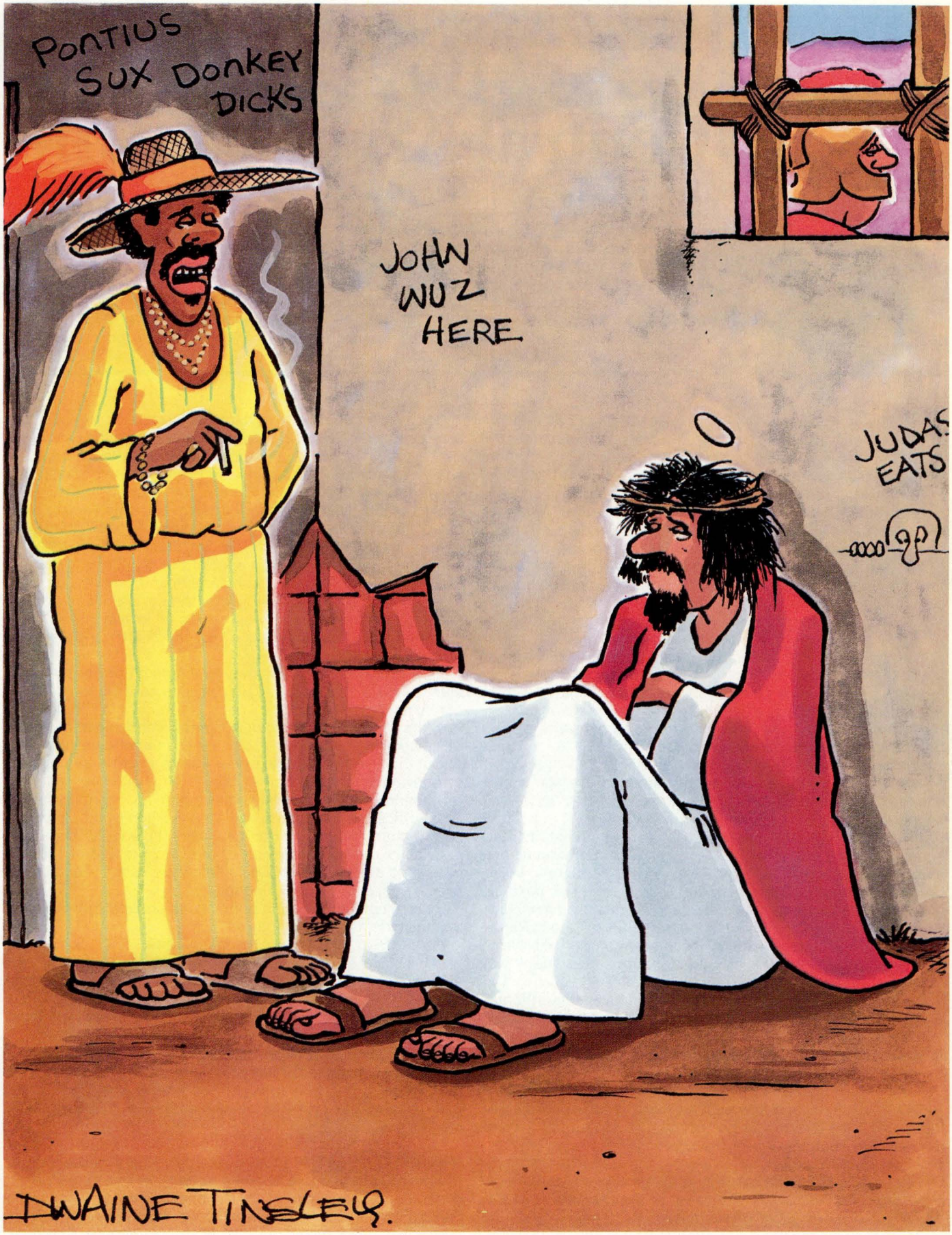
I wonder how many of your readers would bother buying your magazine if you omitted the pictorials of airbrushed, made-up masturbating women in nightgowns with their breasts exposed. Don't all women sit around the house wearing only a garter belt and get off? Don't lie to

(continued on page 135)

GRAFFILTHY

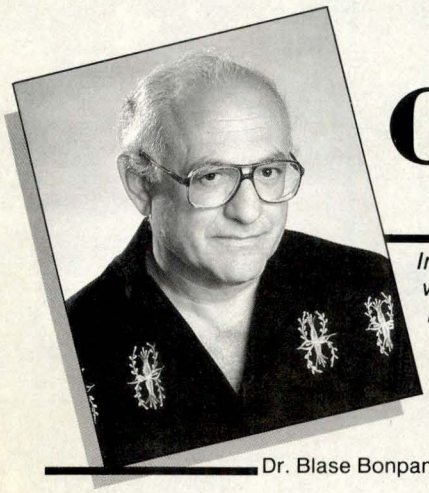


THANX AND $50 TO B.E., COMMACK, NY



"They popped me on a really bullshit drug charge. What're <u>you</u> in for, my man?"

Get the U.S. Out of Central America Now!



Dr. Blase Bonpane

In keeping with HUSTLER's long tradition of presenting even the most controversial viewpoints, we provide this space to outspoken opinion makers in politics, religion, the arts and other segments of contemporary society. The author of this month's Guest Editorial is Dr. Blase Bonpane, director of the Office of the Americas (OOA)–an organization dedicated to furthering peace in our hemisphere through broad-based educational programs. The former college professor's firsthand knowledge of Central American affairs dates back to the 1960s, when he was a Maryknoll missionary in Guatemala. Dr. Bonpane returned from his most recent fact-finding tour last December.

Each day for the past year Ronald Reagan has presided over the equivalent of two McDonald's massacres in Central America. Our boys may not be dying in large numbers–but your tax dollars are being used to murder, torture, rape and terrorize innocent citizens. I know because I have seen it. The United States is at war in Central America. Let's look at the shameful record that has been paid for by food stamps taken from the poor, by curtailing school-lunch programs, by the creation of the most massive deficit in world history, by filling our cities with the uncared-for mentally ill and destitute:

- The 10,000 innocent people killed in Nicaragua during the past four years–many of them tortured and disfigured–would not have died without U.S. approval, support and direction.
- In Guatemala a magnificent Indian people with thousands of years of culture are being systematically eliminated. Since 1982 at least 20,000 have been killed, and more than a million have been displaced. Our Administration approves and is even now increasing its aid for the genocide.
- Since 1980 more than 50,000 people in El Salvador (most of them civilians) have died at the hands of savage death squads or daily bombings–all supervised by U.S. "advisers" and sustained by over 1 billion of your tax dollars.
- The United States has established permanent military bases in Honduras and is conducting military operations there as a daily violation of the War Powers Act. Honduras, which borders Nicaragua, Guatemala and El Salvador, has become the central staging area for a continuing military buildup including tens of thousands of U.S. troops from Puerto Rico to Panama. The 17 U.S. personnel who recently were killed in Nicaragua entered that country through Honduras. How many will follow?

Our current foreign policy demonstrates a collective mental illness. It is spiritually bankrupt, suicidal and psychotic. I submit the following recommendations as practical peacemaking alternatives to the inexcusable yet escalating carnage this country is causing in Central America.

NICARAGUA: First and foremost we must establish cordial relations with the Sandinista government of Nicaragua. Ninety percent of Nicaraguans over the age of 16 registered to vote. Eighty percent of the electorate went to the polls in the most internationally scrutinized election in Central American history. Sixty-three percent of the vote went to the candidates of the Sandinista National Liberation Front (FSLN). It should be of interest to the Reagan Administration that only 10% of the vote was for the Communist Party of Nicaragua (CPN).

Our nation continues to bankroll the horror show of deposed dictator Antonio Somoza's National Guard. After the Sandinista victory of July 19, 1979, Somoza's bloodthirsty troops, now known as *contras,* fled across the Honduran border–and into the protective arms of the Central Intelligence Agency. The U.S. immediately began to support, arm and train them as it did throughout four decades of Somoza terror. In 1984 alone Congress voted four times to stop funding these butchers. Still, the financing continues through special CIA "contingency funds" and even through grants from American corporations. And now, beginning his second term in office, the mean-spirited TelePrompTer mannequin who serves as President has nothing better to do than place aid to the *contras* at the top of his priority list.

As a result of such treachery in the midst of profound domestic misery, thousands of U.S. citizens have signed a pledge of resistance that states:

"If the United States invades, bombs, sends combat troops or otherwise significantly escalates its intervention in Nicaragua or El Salvador, I pledge to join with others to engage in acts of nonviolent direct action at U.S. federal facilities, including U.S. federal buildings, military installations, Congressional offices, offices of the Central Intelligence Agency, the State Department and other appropriate places. I pledge to engage in nonviolent civil disobedience in order to prevent or halt the death and destruction which such military action would cause for the people of Central America."

By signing such pledges our citizens prove their conviction that militarism is not patriotism.

Rather than backing unending slaughter, the U.S. can join with the sincere efforts of Mexico, Panama, Colombia and Venezuela to negotiate a peaceful solution to the Central American conflict. These *Contadora* next-door neighbors of Nicaragua are not threatened by the Sandinistas. Why should the most powerful country in the world be threatened by them?

Nicaragua has received international recognition for its success in implementing literacy programs, public health and food production. It has truly brought good news to the poor. And that was the goal for all of us who served as missionaries in Central America.

HONDURAS: The U.S. must cease its military occupation of Honduras. Our massive ongoing military buildup in this nation constitutes an invasion of the second-poorest country in the hemisphere. U.S. Ambassador John Negroponte presides over this denationalized republic as virtual emperor. Stationed off its coast are U.S. warships capable of firing tactical nuclear

weapons. The beleaguered Honduran government is asking the CIA to remove its mercenary forces (*contras*).

GUATEMALA: The U.S. must end its support of the military dictatorship in Guatemala. From 1944 to 1954 democracy flourished in this enchantingly beautiful country. But the CIA intervened to overthrow the elected government and has supported a barrage of colonels and generals as heads of state for these 30 years of repression. In this period Guatemala has been at the very bottom of the list of nations in regard to human rights. And now entire tribes of Guatemalan Indians are being wiped out to make way for land-grabbing military men and U.S. oil companies. General Oscar Mejia Victores's "scorched earth" policy revives the brutal slogan, "The only good Indian is a dead Indian." The constant massacres have prompted the desperate Indians to cross the border into neighboring Mexico for an unwelcome reception there. Neither the role of the United States nor that of its surrogate Israel–which also actively peddles deadly weapons in Guatemala–is acceptable as massive supplies of arms and advisers pour into Victores's utterly repulsive regime.

EL SALVADOR: The U.S. must stop backing the military dictatorship in El Salvador. The election of puppet President José Napoleon Duarte was conducted in the midst of a civil war and under the direction of American advisers. The U.S. Embassy served as the principal election headquarters. The current government of El Salvador wouldn't stand one week without massive U.S. aid.

At a recent peace dialogue conducted on U.S. television between the country's two largest national-liberation organizations and the Salvadoran government, I asked the insurgent side if they would agree to a ceasefire. They immediately answered in the affirmative. I asked the government the same question. It would not agree. This den of thieves, this nunraping, archbishop-murdering napalmer of peasants, this torturing band of diabolical CIA death-squad killers has been supported long enough! While 35 million U.S. citizens live in dire poverty, our movie-star President has sent his crew on location to tiny El Salvador to produce a $1 BILLION Technicolor nightmare.

CUBA: For starters, we must recognize Fidel Castro's government in Cuba. Our 25-year blockade of that island has only contributed to isolating the United States from the international community of nonaligned nations. While not committed to a U.S. or Soviet line, they are surely alienated by Washington's belligerent policy toward Cuba.

* * *

We must also reject the false patriotism that inspired our irrational and unnecessary invasion of Grenada. For over a century we have used "the protection of American lives and property" as an excuse for our interventions. History shows us that this has never been the truth.

Let's identify "anticommunism" for what it really is: the driving force behind the death squads, the rationale for supporting dictatorships, a cover for multinational greed. There is no relationship between anticommunism and democracy. Most anti-Communist countries have been police states–South Korea, Taiwan, South Vietnam, Chile, Paraguay, Guatemala, El Salvador and Honduras. Hitler was a great anti-Communist. The most "patriotic" anti-Communist group of all is the Mafia. Why are we so comfortable with these goons? Because they advocate democracy? Hardly. Simply because they oppose Communists.

Communist is the most widely misused buzz word in Latin America. Everyone who wants to help the poor is called a Communist. (The first death-squad letter I saw in Guatemala was written to a university student who was heard saying he would give his life for the poor.) Jesus would be crucified as a Communist in El Salvador. Social workers are Communists. Missionaries are Communists. Workers, students and farmers are Communists. Why? Because dictators must prove that they have enough contempt for their own people to allow the wealth that accrues from their nation to be stolen by foreign interests. It is "communistic" to aspire to health and education for all. Thus, billions flow from the United States to anti-Communist regimes that will guarantee cheap labor and high return on investment.

For over a century the United States has used "the protection of American lives and property" as an excuse for our interventions. History shows us that this has never been the truth.

The Reagan Administration has brought nothing but suffering and despair to the impoverished people in our country as well as in Central America. Its militarism is the direct cause of our destitution at home. Christian and non-Christian alike would do well to heed the word of Mary as she spoke of the just society her son would foster:

He has swept away the high and mighty.

He has set kings down from their thrones and lifted up the humble.

He has satisfied the hungry with good things and sent the rich away with empty hands. –Luke 1:52-53

As a missionary, it is with horror that I watch religious hucksters on TV preaching the perverted message that our foreign policy is the policy of Jesus. If you believe that, you will believe anything–like killing Commies for Christ.

Humane governments that address the needs of the people are not the "problem," as Reagan would have you believe. Rather, they are the solution. The more humane our own foreign policy is, the more successful it will be.

It's clear we are supporting the wrong side in Central America, just as we did in Vietnam. Jefferson, Washington and their fellow patriots fought for liberty in our revolution; now the people of Central America are fighting for theirs. A new nation is forming. I believe it will be called the United States of Central America. It will include everything from the southern border of Mexico to Panama. Geographically it will be about the same size as California and will have the same number of people. Let us assist in the birth of this new nation. Just as Lafayette and other enlightened Europeans helped the United States in its time of conception, we can be proud to tell our grandchildren that we dedicated our lives, our property and our sacred honor for liberation.

As you read this, the President will be badgering Congress to give millions more to the criminal invasion of Nicaragua. Write now and tell him . . . *no*. Join the thousands who have signed the pledge of resistance.

Readers who share or disagree with Blase Bonpane's opinions are encouraged to address HUSTLER's Feedback section (2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054). Those who are interested in contacting Dr. Bonpane directly should direct correspondence to The Office of the Americas, 1227 Fourth Street, Santa Monica, CA 90401, or call 213-451-2428.



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COMIC RELIEF



The son of migrant farm workers, comedian Paul Rodriguez grew up in the barrio of East Los Angeles, where you have to be tough–or funny–to survive. Last year he landed the lead role in a short-lived ABC-TV series, a.k.a. Pablo, and has two movies scheduled to premiere this year: Miracles (in which he costars with Teri Garr and Tom Conti) and Quicksilver (with Footloose star Kevin Bacon). A comedy album tentatively titled Paul Rodriguez: Velvet Paintings will be released shortly.

Being Catholic, having religious parents and coming from an environment where we don't believe in abortion, we didn't take sex lightly. But we *did* take it. I grew up with a bunch of guilt trips placed on me by my parents and parochial school. I was taught that your penis is only there for peeing and procreation. And since I couldn't even spell *p-r-o-c-r-e-a-t-i-o-n*, I didn't start my sexually active years until very late for a Mexican. I was 11.

My first exposure to real women, though, was where I lived. In my old neighborhood in East Los Angeles there were not only male gangs, but female gangs too. I wasn't interested in them, because they were so unattractive. It's hard to get excited about someone named "La Little Piggy," especially when she's got a tattoo of a cobra spewing blood on her torso. It just didn't turn me on. Chicana girls would wear tall, teased hairdo's called "rats' nests" that made them look like Frankenstein's bride. They had thick, masculine voices. It's no wonder I didn't go out with them. If you didn't make them come, they'd stab you. (Of course, the Mexican women in these gangs did wear lots of rouge and mascara. Where do you think Boy George got all his makeup tips?)

It bothers me that whites called us groups "gangs." I never heard a Chicano call himself a gang member. It was only whites. We weren't gangs–just a bunch of friends who happened to carry deadly weapons. Really, we were just like the Boy Scouts, when you think about it. Boy Scouts carried knives, and we carried knives; they had instructors, and we had instructors; they had uniforms, and we had uniforms. The only difference was that when you entered the barrio, our logo wasn't with the local Rotarians. Our logo was painted on the wall of a drugstore.

Even though I ran with gangs, my first experience with a prostitute wasn't until I was 18 or 19. I had just made about $25 mowing lawns, and it was a gift to myself. So I went to this seedy motel with a friend of mine who had patronized the place so often, they knew his Social Security number. He was so fat, seeing a hooker was the only way he could get laid.

Out came this big black woman who had seen better days. She was like the Jack-In-The-Box of sex. You know, like In-N-Out Burgers. I remember her telling me things like "Hurry up" and "Are you through yet?" She never once yelled, "C'mon, baby. One time, one time." It wasn't very good. Come to think of it, that's probably why I didn't vote for Jesse Jackson. But the experience didn't turn me off to sex. It just turned me off to black hookers. Since then I've had sex on more than two occasions. And it's been fun.

Now, normally I try to keep this part of my life private, but it's funny how when men get together, they have these strange bragging rites. You say to a buddy, "Gee, I had a tough date last night. I went out with this girl, and she didn't have one arm, couldn't see out of one eye and had a limp in one leg."

And your friend will ask, "Yeah, but did you get laid?"

Personally, I'm really only attracted to Latin women. I've dated blondes, and it's true, most Latins are crazy about blondes. I guess I must be Jewish. Black hair, dark eyes and olive skin turn me on. The thing about Latin women is their passion. Their intensity. Their determination to please. With blond white women, it's not like an event; it's like they are trying *you* out. "Oooh, I've heard so much about you Latin guys." It's like I'm auditioning for *them*. It's like I'm a ride at Disneyland. I'm like John Wayne. All his women were Latin. I guess he liked being cussed out in Spanish.

I also don't like being around a masculine woman, someone who dresses like me. If I want that, I can go to San Francisco and be a fag. I like lots of lace, dresses, nice fragrances, smooth hands and beautiful Spanish eyes. I don't need a woman in corduroys and Le Tigre shirts.

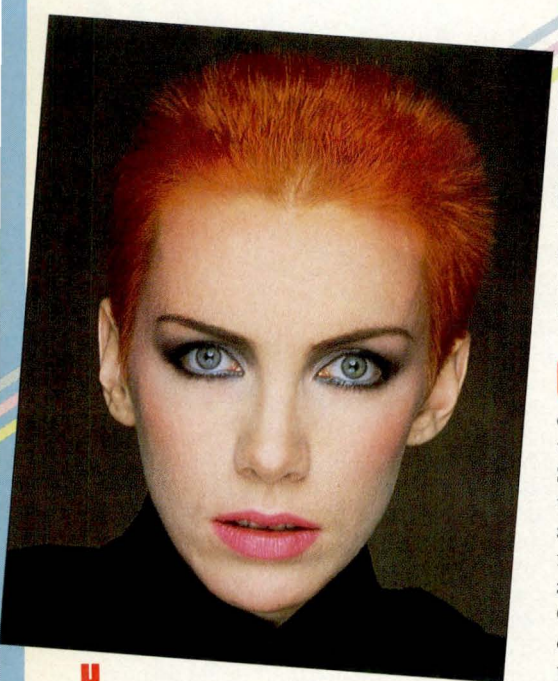
My idea of the perfect date is a woman with big tits who after you fuck her, turns into a beer and a sandwich. Also, I would spend the evening with her in any one of a thousand positions. I never concern myself with birth control. If a woman has a child and I can be convinced it's mine, I don't run. I love kids and plan to have as many as I can. Fuck what statistics say. This is how you achieve your immortality. If a woman told me that she wasn't using any form of birth control, I'd ask her, "Do you still want to have sex, or do you want to go down on me?"

It's chauvinism, yes, but *chauvinism* isn't a dirty word to me. Is it chauvinistic to want to have a naked woman use my face as a bench? If that's chauvinism, then fuck it. Call it Chicano chauvinism. Women respect masculinity; they don't want a feminine wimp. They want a man who'll fuck their brains out and treat them special. If they don't want that, then let them date Robbie Benson or Alan Alda or Phil Donahue.

Maybe I'm a chauvinist, but I think all women believe that there is this knight in shining armor who looks like David Cassidy and will come and make everything all right. So be that guy. In my case I'm a dark-haired Latin who drives a Porsche 911. That's effective too. Let's face it–not many guys with Datsuns get laid. So the solution is simple: The things you need to win a woman are to romance her, drive a Porsche and have the penis of a Mandingo warrior.

Two final words of advice: Try not to gum up the pages of this magazine, and don't touch your dick while you're reading this.

Melody Makers



How puritanical can the music business get? The **Eurythmics**' latest single, "Sexcrime (Nineteen Eighty-Four)" –taken from the soundtrack for *1984*, the most recent movie based on George Orwell's prophetic novel–isn't getting much airplay, because radio stations object to its "sexual" nature. Pam Tover, program manager for L.A.'s KRTH, says that "they say it's not really about sex, but the title is–and we would tend to stay away from something like that." On the other hand, DJ Rasta from L.A. station KROQ says, "We play it. There's no sex in it at all." The song, in fact, is about political repression, not sex. Radio stations like KRTH blast out overtly erotic tunes such as **Madonna**'s "Like a Virgin" or **Cyndi Lauper**'s "She-Bop," a song about masturbation, but shrink at the sight of the word *sex*. This stinks of hypocrisy to us. . . .

We've always thought of those bad boys from Manhattan, the **Ramones**, as being slightly left of center, rough around the edges and plain anti-Establishment. Just like HUSTLER, right? Wrong! You could imagine our reaction when Ramones publicist Audrey Strahl told us that we couldn't interview America's first and foremost punks and that "the Ramones don't want to be involved in any way with HUSTLER." Hey, we understand . . . motherfuckers!

Grab your saddles and mount up, all you desperadoes! Here come the gals who put the "cow" into cowpunk–the **Screamin' Sirens**. Also known around our offices as the Semen Siphons, the Sirens' debut album, *Fiesta!*, contains a rootin'-tootin' roundup of funky country-western tunes and rockabilly pop. Porky **Pleasant Gehman**, rock journalist-cum-rock singer and founder of the Sirens, is living proof that you don't need a body like **Sheila E.**'s in order to make an album.



Photo by Mary McGrath

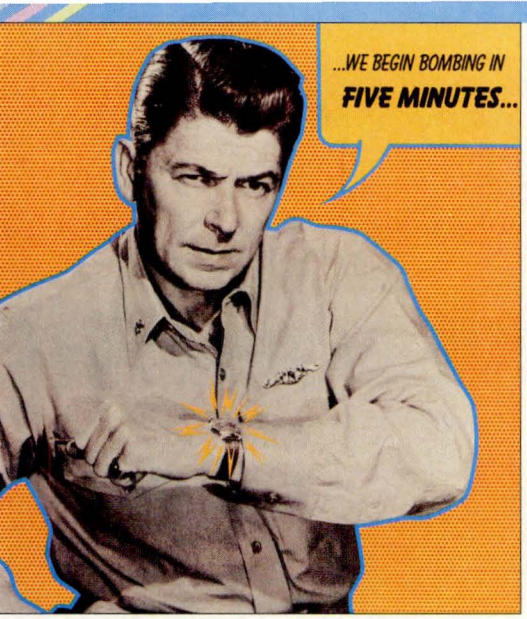
In the '60s, girls would give their right boob to fuck a Beatle. Now–in 1985–nubile nymphets are aiming for the amorous affections of a son of a Beatle. A roving HUSTLER reporter caught sight of **Julian Lennon** in the crowded company of several attractive lasses at a posh Hollywood eatery recently. Among the onlookers was **Prince**'s purple princess, **Appolonia**, who–according to our anonymous observer–"was all over Lennon." Unfortunately for Miss A., young Julian chose to leave the establishment with another, less-aggressive admirer.



Photo by Robert Reiff

In a semirelated tale of soulful lust, fans in the first few rows of a Toronto, Ontario, **Prince** concert were treated to a rather titillating sight. It seems that the Minneapolis music man's former passion pal and protégée, **Vanity**, broke into an impromptu striptease during one of the set's more-uplifting numbers. Before she could get down to her birthday suit, however, the bronze-skinned songstress was mobbed by nearby acolytes and had to be escorted out of the arena under armed guard. Prince didn't seem bothered in the least, since earlier in the evening Vanity had refused the *Purple Rain* maker's request to join him onstage for a duet. Talk about gall!!!

At the trendy Tramp nightclub in Los Angeles terrific **Tina Turner** and fellow female megastar **Cyndi Lauper** were seen cutting quite a rug. According to one observer, the dynamic dancing duo caused such a stir that the place's usual ogling patrons forgot completely about the hordes of *other* stars parading around the floor.



With the Grammys right on top of us, we thought you'd be interested in *our* choice for Best Song of the Year. The tune is "Five Minutes," an irreverent (and hilarious) funked-up dance single created by **Talking Heads' Jerry Harrison** and **Parliament** bassist **Bootsy Collins**. Going by the name **Bonzo Goes to Washington**, the two have taken the now-infamous Reagan microphone blunder ("We begin bombing in five minutes"), added a supercharged beat and come up with the finest political satire since the **Dead Kennedys'** "Holiday in Cambodia."

"I just don't dig dudes looking like chicks and calling themselves heavy metal," bellows **El Duce**, lead singer of the self-proclaimed sleaze kings of rape-rock, the **Mentors**. Seen here flogging an unfortunate head-banger, the master trains his disciples that "it's okay to have a hard-on, a potbelly and drink beer." Parents and feminists alike will run for cover when they hear the latest album by the Mentors, *Judgement Day*. The Metalblade Records LP includes such pervert-pleasers as "Golden Showers," "My Erection Is Over" and "Sandwich of Love." El Duce himself guarantees this disc will "put a rod in your pocket and the bitch in the kitchen."

There's nothing that burns our buttholes more than a malicious rumor. For example, take the sordid tales of doom circulating around musicland that rock's premier peroxided posemaster, **Billy Idol**, has contracted AIDS. A source very close to the Sultan of Sneer assured us that this story is pure, unadulterated, fly-infested bullshit and requested that HUSTLER put to rest this concocted cock-and-bull hearsay for good. So we did! And that's no *idol* gossip. . . .

While his latest effort, *Real Live*, is seeing chart action, living legend **Bob Dylan** has cut the first track for his forthcoming but still unnamed studio album. One song, titled "Danville Girl," was co-written by Dylan and renowned actor/playwright **Sam Shepard**.

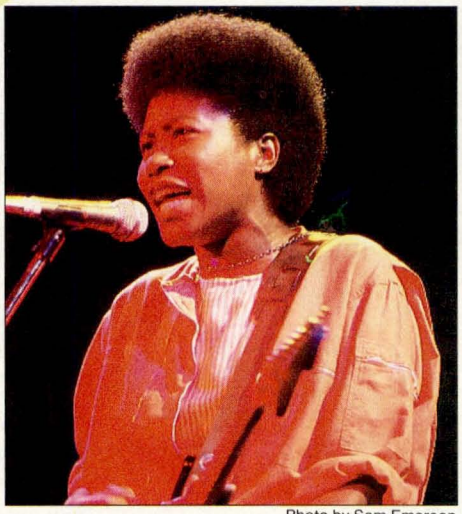
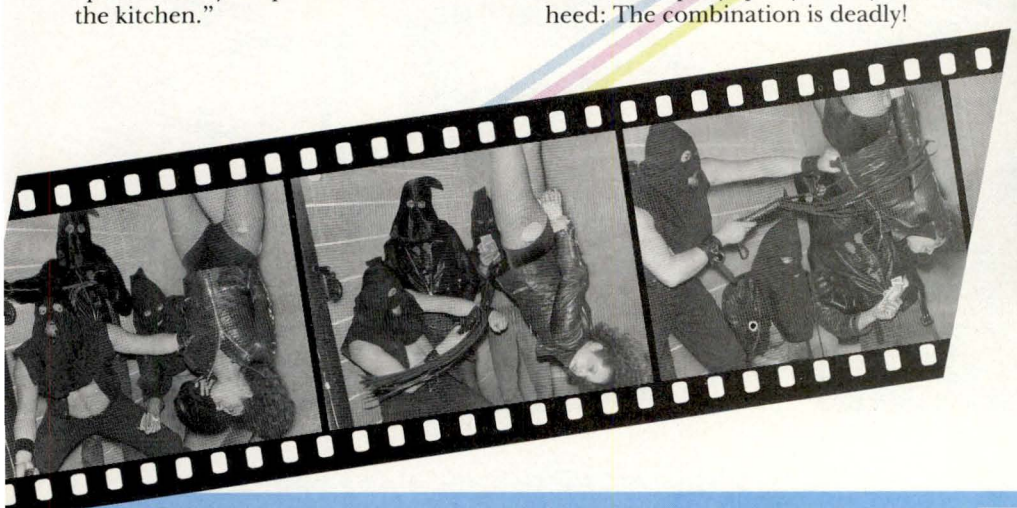


Photo by Sam Emerson

A hearty "Welcome back" is in order for folk-rock's unsung heroine, **Joan Armatrading**. Out of the limelight (and recording studio) for more than two years, the English swooner is back with a new LP, *Secret Secrets*, and a slew of songs that jump and snarl in true Armatrading fashion. An added extra-special treat is a guest appearance on piano by **Joe Jackson**, who met Joan for the first time at a record-company party last year. Take heed: The combination is deadly!



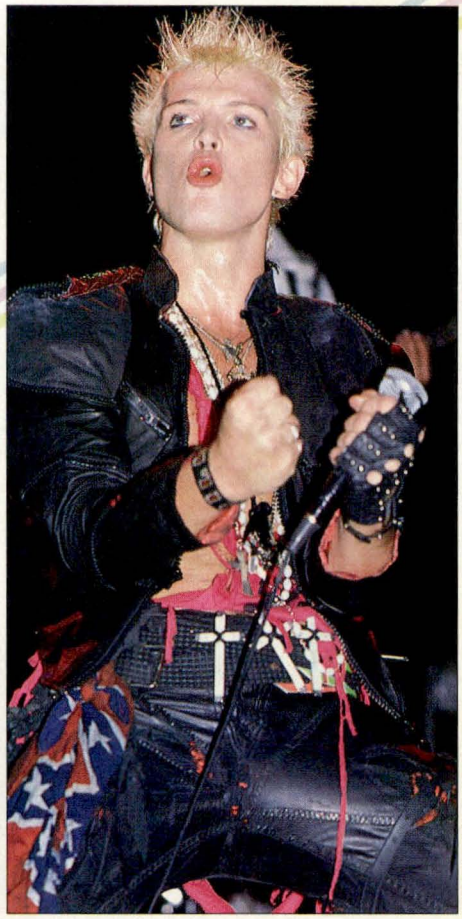


Photo by Jeffrey Mayer

Cyndi Lauper isn't the only one rubbing hips with **Tina Turner**. **Bryan Adams** and the former "acid queen" have combined forces this spring for a European concert tour of straightforward, youthful energy and ageless, ass-thumping scream and wiggle. The show is highlighted by the twosome's duet of "It's Only Love," which appears on Adams's current chart-busting LP, *Reckless*. Unfortunately, concert promoters and record-company stiffs–in their infinite stupidity–have no plans to bring the show Stateside. Instead, on his American tour Adams will be headlining with various opening acts who don't deserve to drink Tina's bathwater.



Photo by Jeffrey Mayer

Germany's heavy-metal monarchs, the Scorpions, are flying high with a hot new live LP due out in early summer.


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GREAT BALLS OF NEON

Buffalo, NY–Art or pornography? The New York State Supreme Court is asking that very question about Billie Lawless's neon sculpture of male genitalia. "Erected" at the entrance to an expressway, the work had originally been approved by city officials. But when the big dick was lit up, they thought it was too lewd to leave standing, and hired work crews to pull it down. That's when Lawless decided to sue. "Could a police commissioner go into a movie house that was showing pornographic movies, tear down the screen, dismantle the projector and hold all the pieces for you?" asked Judge Vincent Doyle, who will decide if Buffalo's mayor had the right to remove the sculpture. "The proper procedure is to go to court first." For the moment, however, the future isn't too bright for the fluorescent phallus. Until this whole thing's decided, it's going to be lights out for the huge prick.

A Day at the Races

St. Louis, MO–In an act that would send shivers up the Lone Ranger's spine, 29-year-old Fredrick Pruitt was arrested for some bizarre horsing around. He admitted to police that over a six-month period he'd performed deviant sexual acts with Shetland ponies used for rides at children's birthday parties. According to authorities, several of the beasts suffered internal injuries, and one may have to be destroyed. Pruitt is being held in the St. Louis County Jail in lieu of $35,000 bond, a high price to pay for a roll in the hay.

Santa's Little Helper

Lincoln, NE–We now know what Santa does in the off-season when he's not filling stockings. He's stuffing his VCR with explicit tapes of naked elves. That's why Robert L. Stewart, Kris Kringle at the East Park Plaza mall, was arrested. Stewart had videotaped a 16-year-old girl–one of his elf helpers–in the buff, without so much as a twig of mistletoe. He pleaded innocent in court, but it looks as if old Father Christmas may be spending some time behind bars this year. The judge had no trouble telling who'd been naughty and not nice.

Pedal Puller

Los Angeles, CA–Students at Pierce College and the California State University at Northridge are uptight about a foot fetishist who breaks into women's cars and steals gas pedals. Police say this individual burglarized more than 20 vehicles–all belonging to girls described as "very attractive." Besides the pedals, he ripped up seats, tore out wires and made off with other interior fixtures. Northridge campus-police investigator Victor Wanek figures the guy's "some kind of cuckoo bird." Someone should put a stop to this wacko and give the guy a brake.

Lady of the Lay

Tokyo, Japan–"Give me your tired, your poor, your horny." It seems a 20-foot-tall reproduction of the Statue of Liberty that sits atop a Tokyo pay-by-the-hour "love nest," the Hotel New York, is making some visiting Yanks angry. Outraged American students have issued a statement calling it "unbearable to use the Statue of Liberty, which is seen as a symbol of America, in this manner." Considering what goes on inside the hotel, the Washington Monument would be more appropriate.

READING, WRITING AND RAPE

Boston, MA–Is sexual assault the newest addition to the Harvard curriculum? According to nearly 300 of the 1,500 undergraduate women surveyed at the Ivy League university, the answer is yes. Nineteen percent of the coeds said they had been forced into sexual activity they didn't want, and 40% in a survey conducted the year before admitted to undue or unwanted personal attention from a member of the faculty or administration. These percentages are "frighteningly high," stated Michelle J. Orza, who conducted the more recent poll. "These are young women. How many will answer yes to the same question when they are 30?" That probably depends on the number of female students who stick around at Harvard to do their postgraduate work.

BUNS IN THE OVEN

Washington, DC–Adolescent girls in the United States are being hospitalized more for childbirth than for any other reason. In a recent survey of 2.8 million discharged female patients between the ages of 12 and 19, nearly 30%–or 528,000–of the girls who responded had been in the hospital for the birth of a child. On the other hand, another 91,000 of the young women underwent abortions during their stays.

FUCKED BEHIND THE WHEEL

Stewartville, MN–If you get caught driving while intoxicated in this town, try telling the judge you were making love–not knocking off a six-pack. That's what Brian Stephan did, and it worked–sort of. Stephan was charged with driving under the influence after an Olmsted County sheriff's deputy found him with a woman in his car on a rural county road. But prior to a court hearing the prosecuting attorney agreed to drop the drunk-driving rap in favor of the less-serious "fornication charge," which carried only a $55 fine. We suspect the arresting officer couldn't detect the smell of booze on Stephan's breath . . . but how about pussy juice?

Tasty Dessert

San Francisco, CA–How far will a woman go to get a man's attention? A dashing divorcee named Darlene P. went into the kitchen at the ultra-chic Stars restaurant, took off her bra and had the chef fill it with two raspberry tarts. Then she "personally" served the double-dipper to her titillated boyfriend. For what the lady had in mind, she should have ordered a banana split.

Bitterest Pill

New York, NY–A study of birth-control methods indicates that more than 500 American women die each year, and thousands more are hospitalized, because of complications arising from the Pill. But the authors of a report titled "Making Choices" say that except for women over 40 (or 35 if they smoke), taking the Pill is still less dangerous than pregnancy.

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DEAR GRANNY

Got a problem? You need some advice but don't know where to turn? No matter what the hassle–your girl and your best friend or your girlfriend and man's best friend–no problem! Dear Granny has an answer. It may not be the answer, but it will sure as hell be the kind of advice your mother never gave you–and probably should have! Send your questions, problems and tales of woe to: Dear Granny, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

DEAR GRANNY:

Lately I've been letting my German shepherd lick my pussy. Let me tell you, it's fantastic. Now I want to teach him to hump me in the ass, but he won't do it. Would it be safe to train him to ram my Hershey Highway? –J. P.
Bishop, California

Dear J. P.–Honey, I've got nothing against doggy-style sex, but even I draw the line at real canines. Besides getting in trouble with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, you're risking a slew of nasty illnesses (known as zoonotic diseases). Among other things, sexual contact with Fido can lead to staph infection, ringworm and roundworm (which can seriously affect your eyes). Do yourself and your pet a favor–find a human lover for yourself and let your dog outside once in a while. Obviously, you're not the only bitch in heat in Bishop.

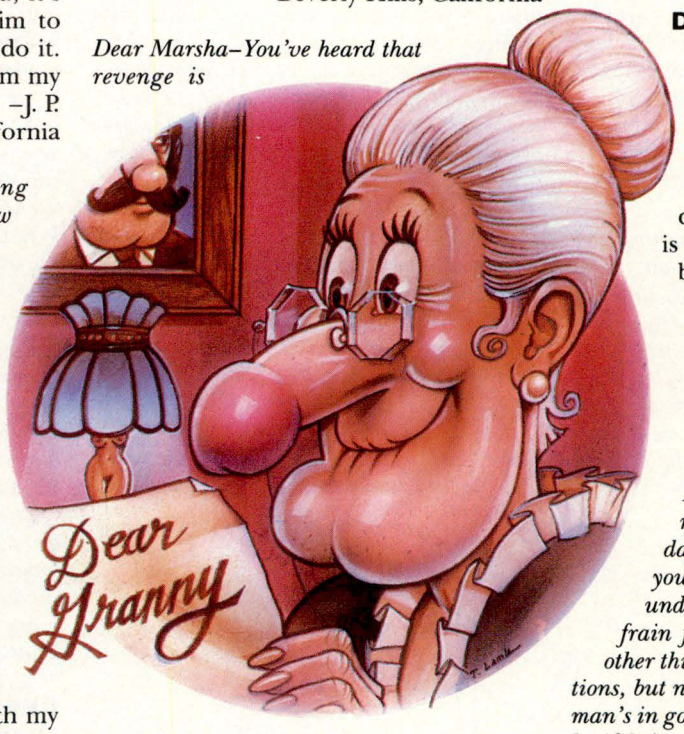
DEAR GRANNY:

The other night my girlfriend Tanya and I got pretty bombed with my best friend, Tom. Before I knew it, we were in the bedroom. I was sucking on Tanya's luscious tits, and she was playing with my buddy's cock. Suddenly, Tom grabbed my rod and started going down on it! The three of us came wildly and all took a shower together. Since then, Tanya won't even talk to me, and I'm ashamed to face Tom. I'd never done anything like that before and, as far as I know, neither had they. Does this mean I'm turning queer? How do I get my girlfriend back and face my best friend after letting him give me head? Granny, please tell me something to make me feel better. –Jack J.
Brockton, Massachusetts

Dear Jack–It took three to tangle; so why should you be feeling all the heat? Nobody was forced to do what they did. Since Tanya and Tom enjoyed themselves at the time, convince them to discuss the matter with you. Tell Tom that you've got a good friendship going and that you don't want to blow it. (Maybe not in those words.) As Tanya got to have her beef-cake and eat it too, she has nothing to complain about. And for heaven's sake, don't worry about turning queer–one homosexual experience does not a fudge-packer make.

DEAR GRANNY:

I love my husband a lot, but he does something that annoys me terribly. When we're in bed, he'll get me on the verge of orgasm, shoot his wad and just roll over and go to sleep. He ignores the fact that I'm not satisfied, saying that he's exhausted. This is driving me up the wall. What can I do? –Marsha M.
Beverly Hills, California



Dear Marsha–You've heard that revenge is sweet, haven't you? Start giving your husband the blowjob of his life, then, when he's about to come, tell him you've got a dentist's appointment early the next morning and turn off the light. On the other hand, why not talk things over with him before taking such drastic action–tell him that if he wants to keep getting it on, he'd damn well better start getting you off too. If that doesn't work, keep a vibrator handy to finish the job yourself when hubby's too lazy. At least the moaning and the motor's hum should keep him awake.

DEAR GRANNY:

I'm an 18-year-old girl, and until recently I thought everything was great between my 20-year-old boyfriend and me. But last week he told me that he's bisexual and that he's been seeing a male lover. He's even collecting pictures of Tom Selleck. Am I going to lose him? –S. B.
Teton, Montana

Dear S. B.–Your problem isn't that serious. Look at the bright side: He could be collecting photos of Boy George. I've known a number of bisexual men in my long and decadent career; some were among the best lovers I ever had–not to mention the key roles they played in threesomes. But if that's not your scene, handle the situation as you would if your rival were a woman. Let your boyfriend know you don't want to share him–with a member of either sex. Don't put him down for his sexual orientation though; it took guts for him to level with you. Ultimately, he'll have to be the one to decide which way he wants to swing. Treat him with understanding and, if he sticks with you, let bi's gone be bygones.

DEAR GRANNY:

I'm a sex-crazy female in my 20s who's recently found a fantastic guy. He happens to be twice my age, which is no problem since I've always had a thing for older men. What does have me worried, though, is that he takes medicine for high blood pressure. But his doctor says he's healthy, and we fuck two or three times a day. Couldn't that kind of exertion be dangerous for somebody with his condition? –D. P.
Burlington, Iowa

Dear D. P.–Your letter has made me nostalgic. Lord, how I miss the days when there were older men. If your lover's condition is medically under control, there's no reason to refrain from sex. Blood pressure, among other things, does rise during sexual relations, but not enough to be hazardous if your man's in good shape. And he sure as hell must be if he's getting it up for you two or three times a day. You've got yourself quite a catch, honey. Just don't wear him out.

DEAR GRANNY:

I am a normal, healthy adult male in every respect except one: I often fantasize about wearing diapers, crawling around on the floor, sucking on a nippled bottle and otherwise being treated like a baby. At the present time I'm in a serious relationship with a young woman. We've been completely honest with each other about every other aspect of our lives, but I'm afraid to reveal this secret to her. Do you think I should? –B. S.
Chicago, Illinois

Dear B. S.–Absolutely, but you'd better keep a pacifier on hand in case she hits the ceiling. Actually, the behavior you fantasize about–infantilism–is more common than you might think. There are newsletters devoted to the subject and boutiques where you can buy size-44 diapers. (Check out HUSTLER's article Big Babies: The Fetish of Infantilism, Decem-

ber '83.) Don't be ashamed to talk about this fetish with your girlfriend. However, if you reach the stage where you want to start acting out your fantasy with her and she's reluctant, don't be a crybaby about it.

Once you've assured the young lady that you're not just kidding around, she might agree to a roll in the playpen. Of course, being honest doesn't always ensure a happy ending: She may leave you altogether.

DEAR GRANNY:

I'm a pretty sexually active guy, and I've found a great way of economizing that I thought I'd share with other HUSTLER readers. After I've made love to a girl, I go into the bathroom right away, carefully rinse out my condom and put it back in my wallet for future use. I've found that rubbers are generally good for up to four or five times, saving me lots of money. Have I hit on something? –Jake L.
Washington, D.C.

Dear Jake–You don't see women washing and reusing their tampons, do you? What you're doing makes about as much sense, and it's considerably riskier. Condoms deteriorate from heat; so keeping them in your wallet isn't such a bright idea either. If you're going to shoot your wad as often as you say, you can't afford to be a tightwad. The money you save won't cover possible maternity bills or treatment for venereal diseases.

DEAR GRANNY:

My boyfriend and I fool around a lot, but we've never actually gone all the way. The most I've ever let him do is put his cock between my legs and ejaculate on my panties. He says that what he's doing is safe and that I can't get pregnant if he doesn't put his penis inside me. But I'm not so sure. What do you say? –Susie Q.
Longhorn, Texas

Dear Susie–Sounds to me as if you're playing baby roulette with a loaded pistol. Sperm are hardy little fellows, and they're used to uphill battles. If your underwear gets soaked with semen, it's quite possible that a few of the microscopic buggers will work their way through. Next thing you know, you're carrying a bun when you didn't even have the satisfaction of greasing the oven. Either take adequate precautions to enjoy the full pleasures of lovemaking, or stick to harmless foreplay.

DEAR GRANNY:

Once in a while I can't come when screwing my woman. I can get off in other ways, and I still enjoy the sensations of good sex, but it's frustrating when we get sore from fucking before I get my rocks off. Any ideas on what I should do? –Marty A.
Honolulu, Hawaii

Dear Marty–Although some quick shooters I know would be grateful for your condition, retarded ejaculation can be very aggravating. You may be devoting so much energy to pleasing your lover, you're forgetting about yourself. That shows admirable concern, but it's not worth busting a nut. Concentrate on your own pleasure, or find a partner who'll get you red hot using her hands and mouth–and wait until the last possible moment before entering her vagina. If the problem persists, you should consult a doctor to make sure there's nothing physically wrong. It just goes to prove that too much of a good thing <u>can</u> sometimes be hard to handle.

DEAR GRANNY:

What do you think of a girl who doesn't wash up after sex? I'm a 20-year-old guy who's slept with an average number of women, but my girlfriend makes me gag. I mean, she's clean when we start out, but pretty soon we're both covered with sweat and love juices. And afterward I'm the only one who gets out of bed to take a shower–or at least rinse off my tool. What should I do about this? –Mark C.
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Mark–If you haven't said anything to her, she may assume those gagging noises mean you're in love. The fact of the matter is, many women are turned on by the smell of sex, both before and after. Or it may simply be that the lady is left too exhausted by your lovemaking to get up and make the trip to the bathroom–which you should take as a compliment. If it's really bothering you, try saying something clever like: "Is that you, or did a cat die under the bed?" But I wouldn't get too hung up. After all, sex <u>is</u> a messy business. That's what I love about it.

DEAR GRANNY:

I just found out that I've contracted a venereal disease. I've only been with two women in the past six months. I love my present girlfriend very much and can't believe I got it from her. But I always used a condom with the girl I slept with before her. Isn't it true that you can't get VD if you're wearing a rubber? Therefore, isn't it obvious that my current lover is the guilty one? –Daniel I.
Detroit, Michigan

Dear Daniel–Make sure you've got all the facts before you start making accusations. You <u>can</u> get VD with a rubber on–especially if you're wearing it on your nose, as one odd bird I knew used to do; he had a fear of getting pubic hair in his nostrils. Of course, a condom reduces your chances of catching a venereal disease, but it's not a 100% surefire protection against it (or against pregnancy for that matter). I can't tell you who the guilty party is, but for the sake of your present girlfriend I suggest you declare yourself a well-hung jury. Tell her about your condition, and take your antibiotics before you go to bed.

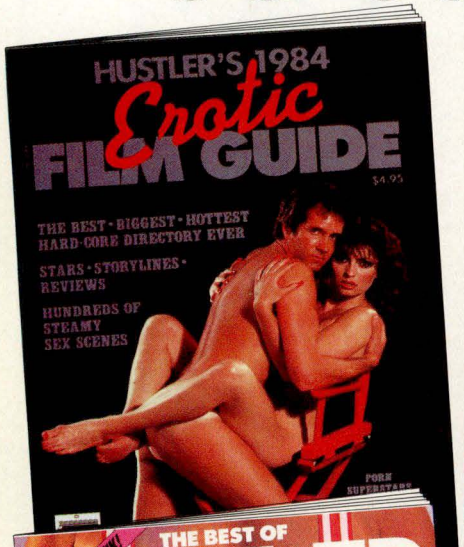


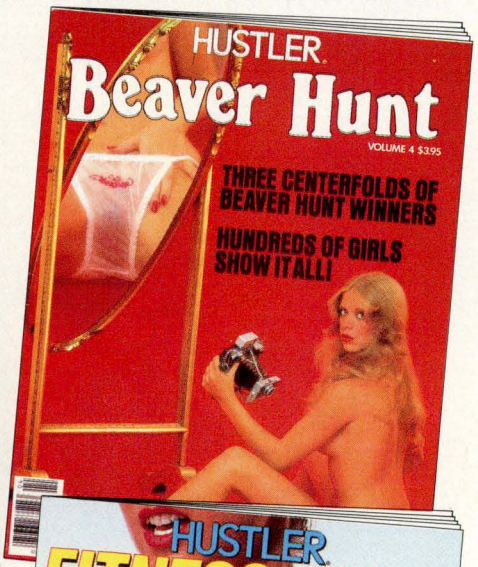
"I lost one of my Ben-wah balls. Give me your glass eye!"

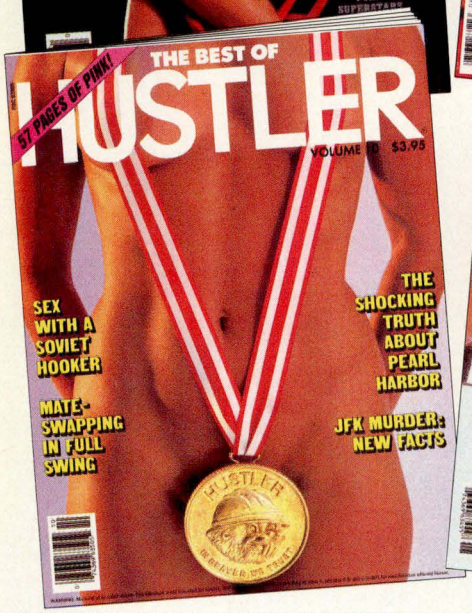


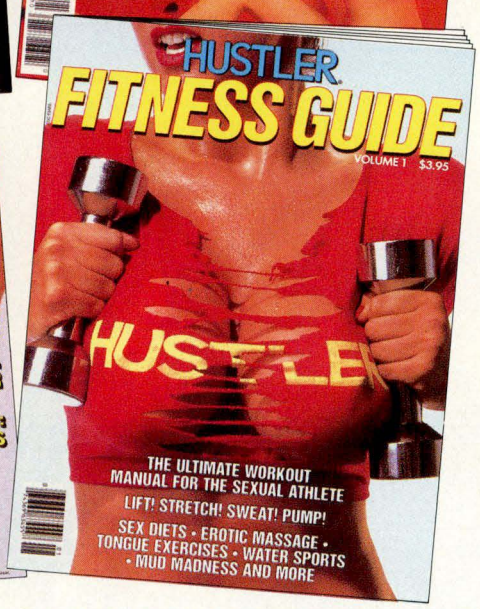
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WASHINGTON DAISY CHAIN

Capital Newswire

Casting a Swing Vote With a Different Meaning

by Larry Flynt

The nation's capital, filled with politicians who like to tell America how to live upright lives, turns out to be a hotbed of couples-swapping. Until last year the headquarters for these swinging sexual activities was Marigolds, a restaurant only three blocks from the White House. During the day it was just another "California bar"–lots of wood and plants–that catered to lobbyists, bureaucrats and their secretaries who wanted good burgers for lunch. What you saw on the menu was what you got. But one Saturday night a month the menu included sex on the side, as the eatery became a gathering place for couples who wanted to swap partners. It wasn't difficult to join the party. Men had to bring a date, but women could come unaccompanied. Admission was $10 per person.

After a few hours of cocktails, couples began pairing off for dancing or discreet fondling. The serious action took place in downtown hotels near the establishment. In a city where a ruined reputation can cost a career, revelers used only first names and vague job descriptions.

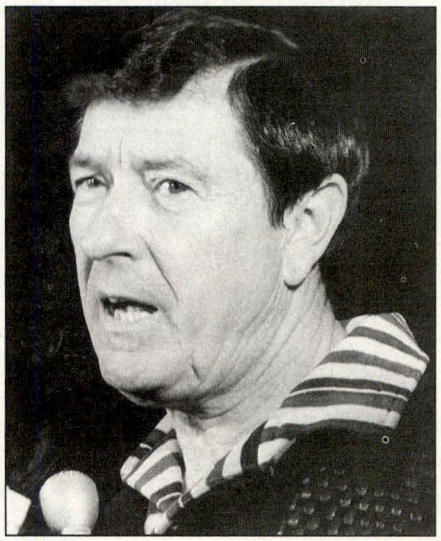
Marigolds closed down last year. But fortunately for those who like to change partners frequently, the man who ran the soirees–known to insiders as Peter–is still very much in business. And the like-minded adults on his bulging list of swingers are alerted each month to wild parties held in various local hotel suites.

* * *

State Republican officials in western Pennsylvania apparently didn't look too hard at Nancy S. Pryor when she decided to challenge Democratic Congressman Austin Murphy in last fall's election. It turned out that Pryor was one of the country's more bizarre candidates.

She accused Walter Mondale, Geraldine Ferraro, Tip O'Neill and her opponent of endorsing the Democratic Party platform, which, she said, "approved of humans having sex with dogs, sheep and chickens–to name only a few." She also charged the Democrats with trying to "homosexualize" America's children by supporting a Congressional bill *forcing* gays to teach in public schools.

Representative Murphy filed a libel suit against Pryor and then trounced her at the polls. Undaunted, Pryor vows she'll try again in '86. We can't wait.



Congressman Austin Murphy's opponent said the Democratic Party platform endorsed bestiality.

* * *

Some politicians are unusually touchy about their cars. Three years ago a police officer at Washington's crowded National Airport ticketed vehicles owned by Margaret Heckler–then a Republican congresswoman from Massachusetts and now secretary of health and human resources–and Representative Thomas Petri (R-Wisconsin). Their cars were parked illegally in spaces reserved for control-tower officials. But what's good for the average voter isn't always good for the average politician. Neither Heckler nor Petri paid up.

Traffic cop Enis Pinar was told by his superior to tear up the tickets. In a memo to Pinar, his boss said that issuing "parking citations to members of Congress would only tend to intimidate and harass." National Airport, unlike most others in this country, is a federal facility whose operations are overseen by Congress. And apparently, on the federal plantation you don't dare ticket massa's car.

Pinar decided to fight the verdict, which led his superiors to brand him as a "personnel problem." He sued the Federal Aviation Administration and was assigned to a desk job. Pinar says he's spent $50,000 fighting what he considers spineless bureaucrats who don't want to administer the law equally.

Footnote: It's not that National Airport isn't considerate of politicians. The closest parking lot to the main terminal is a VIP lot for legislators, Supreme Court justices and diplomats. Parking is free there.



Did Cabinet Secretary Margaret Heckler and Representative Thomas Petri get preferred airport parking?

whispers



Diane Sawyer



Richard Holbrooke

Diane Sawyer, newest star of *60 Minutes*, has great Washington sources. One is her regular boyfriend, former Jimmy Carter State Department honcho **Richard Holbrooke**. Ex-editor of *Foreign Policy* magazine, Holbrooke is cooling his heels as VP of Public Strategies, a D.C. consulting firm, until a Democratic administration comes along and gives him a job. . . . Heard the one about the Republican congressman whose friends in the Washington office of an oil company keep a permanent suite for him at the L'Enfant Plaza Hotel? The bar is well stocked, and there always seems to be a willing young woman available for after-hours. . . . Which reminds us of the wealthy Oriental oilman who's too cheap to pay for a hotel for his afternoon frolics. He takes his dates to a local hot-tub emporium where a private room and tub cost only $25 an hour. . . . More water sports: One of Washington's premier hookers wishes a certain Los Angeles lawyer would bathe more often when he's in town and desires her services. The reason she suggested your bathtub at the Regent Hotel as the setting for a blowjob a few months ago, Mr. Lawyer, was that you smelled foul.

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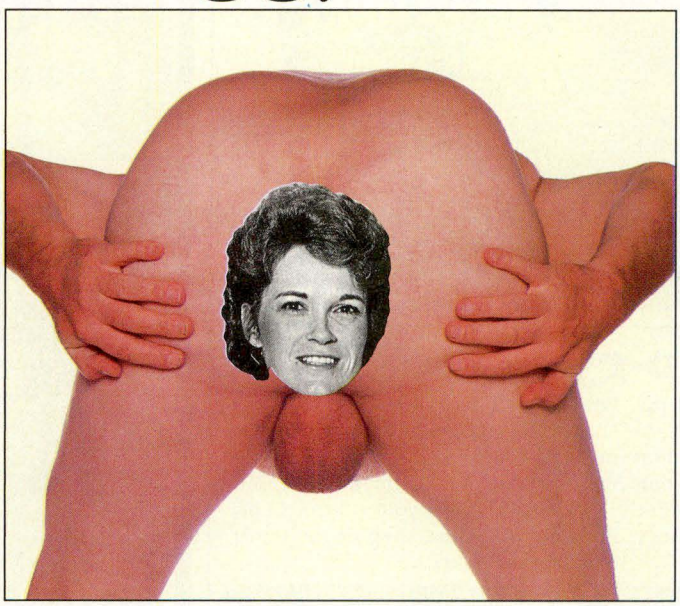
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BITS and PIECES

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Peggy Ault



Straight feminists and dyke feminists alike are shoving their tongues up the ass of their new master, Jerry Falwell, because they believe he'll help them make pornography go away. So it seems there wouldn't be much need for another wacko group to tackle the imagined evils of porn.

Nevertheless, Peggy Ault–who probably wouldn't know a feminist or a dyke even if one pissed on her leg–took it upon herself to form Citizens in Action for Clackamas County (CIA) to go one-on-one with smut. And we took it upon ourselves to name her HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month for April.

Headquartered in Milwaukee, Oregon–a small town outside Portland–CIA and its offshoot, Citizens for Legislation Against Decadence (CLAD), exist for the express purpose of denying Oregonians their Constitutional rights to view or read anything Ault and her self-styled censors deem pornographic. And Ault knows porn when she sees it.

Her imagination is so active, she can't turn around without being accosted by something she considers smutty. Would you believe that this tightassed housewife feels so threatened by sex that she removes underwear and lingerie ads from the daily newspaper before allowing her children to read it?

Clearly she's the sort of person who'd go so far as replace Oregon's nickname, the Beaver State, because of its sexual connotations. But rather than attempt to solve her problems by seeking professional help, this deluded busybody obviously decided that a better course of action would be to take her frustrations out on the entire state of Oregon.

Here's how it happened: One day while reading the local paper (and can't you just *hear* her clit throbbing as she crumpled up those offending undies ads?), Ault saw an article announcing the opening of an adult-video store in her town. Normally, people who have no desire to view a porn film just don't rent or buy one. Not Peggy. She was so outraged at the existence of a store specializing in X-rated fare that she and some of her pals picketed the establishment. Thus was born the community-oriented CIA. (Why do those initials sound so menacing?)

When her intimidation tactics failed to force the store to close, she formed CLAD, a statewide organization for influencing legislators. Ault, you see, has big plans for Oregon–nothing less than altering the state constitution to allow her and her cronies to determine what is suitable for others to read or view.

Now, it's one thing to "supervise" what one's children read, but if Ault has her way, she would wipe out the First Amendment rights of every adult who gets a charge out of X-rated films.

Although Ault's neighbors don't all appear to share her fanaticism ("We have a very apathetic community here," she confided to HUSTLER's sources), the forces of repression rarely give up. And Ault and her ilk have made it clear that they regard freedom of speech as a *privilege* to be awarded to a select few.

Well, we've got news for Peggy Ault: Freedom of speech is a *right* guaranteed to every American from pornographers on down to the basest money-grubbing, fear-mongering TV evangelists.

It's tempting to dismiss her as nothing more than a small-town crackpot, but we believe that anyone who wants to destroy the rights of others must be taken seriously–no matter how big an Asshole she is.

FARTS IN THE WIND

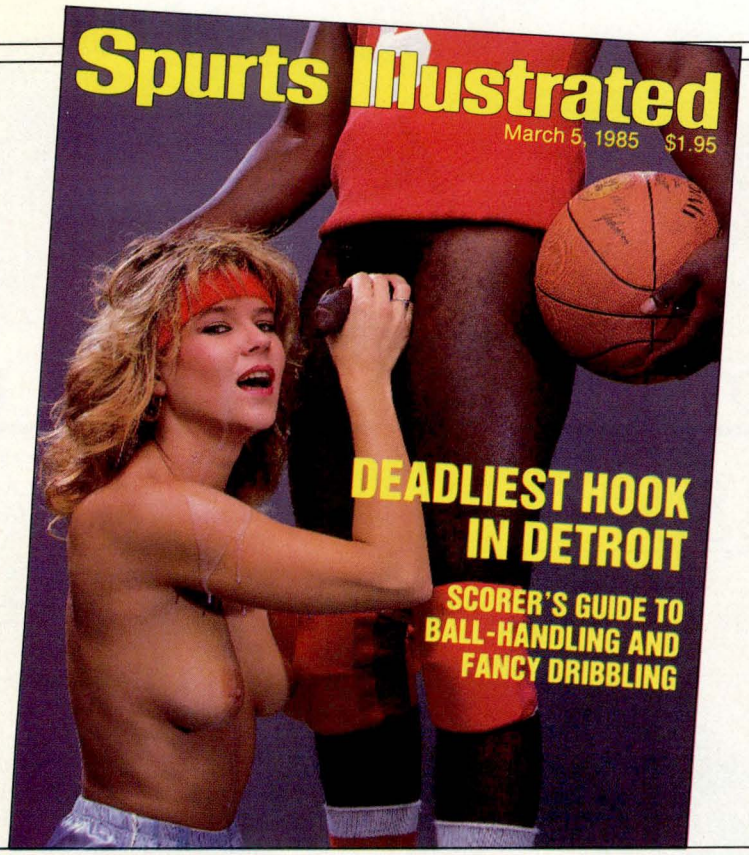
Peggy Ault took "top" honors this month, but other individuals deserve recognition. They are April's Farts in the Wind.

* * *

One of our regular readers is rabid feminist **NIKKI CRAFT**, who makes certain to buy HUSTLER in whatever part of the country she's spouting her usual bilge. Craft, who believes that pornography is responsible for violent attacks against women, apparently is also into recycling. Recently she sent us packages from Wisconsin and northern California containing issues of HUSTLER that had been torn to shreds, just the way our recycler likes to receive them. Larry Flynt wants to thank the public-spirited Craft for purchasing HUSTLER. Every additional copy sold–even one or two–brings a broad smile to his face.

MATTHEW J. GOLDSBY–claiming he follows God's law, not man's–admitted to police that he was responsible for the bombings of four abortion clinics in Florida last year. "He's an exceptionally fine Christian boy," said the mother of his fiancée. It's certainly reassuring to know that "fine Christian boys" are planting bombs to express their opinions.

Despite nationwide pressure, Louisiana Governor **EDWIN EDWARDS** has refused to commute the life sentence of Wilbert Rideau, a black man who has spent almost 24 years behind bars for killing a white man. Rideau, 42, a gifted prison journalist who has won a number of prestigious awards, seems to be the victim of racism. "He has served twice as much time as most murderers with life sentences," says an NAACP spokesman.

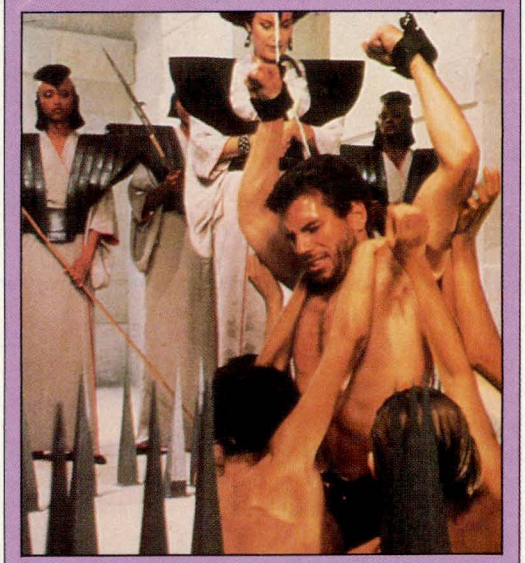


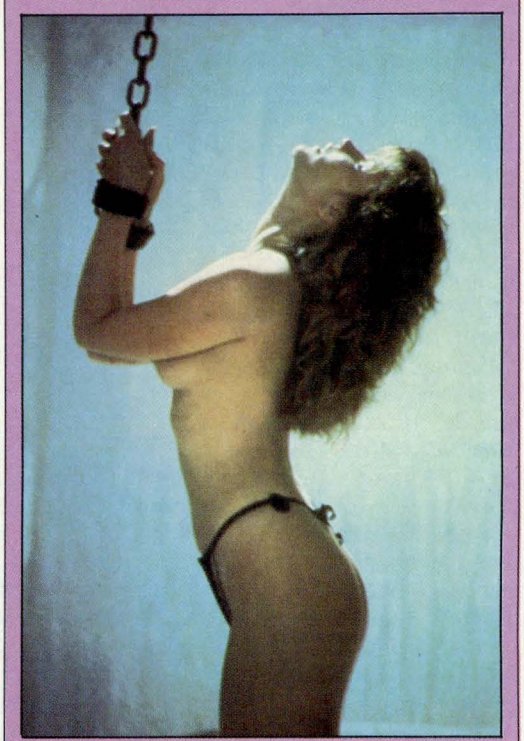
Ye Olde Wino-ry

Tired of getting all dressed up, going out to your favorite expensive restaurant and then being accosted by a run-of-the-mill drunk? The hell with that. You deserve to be harassed by the finest lush money can buy: a vintage wino from Souse Cellars. Their bins are stacked with ex-accountants, hopeless hobos and other drooling drunks who first hit the bottle in the classic years, including 1929, 1948 and 1972. For your next night on the town get a real dreg of the Earth from Souse Cellars.



Bound for Glory





No, this isn't a new-fangled bondage health club and beauty salon. These exclusive stills are from *The Perils of Gwendoline*, the latest sex fantasy of Just Jaeckin, the man responsible for the creation of such soft-core classics as *Emmanuelle* and *The Story of O*.

Based on an erotic 1930s comic strip called *The Adventures of Gwendoline*, it stars Tawny Kitaen (of *Bachelor Party*). While journeying to the land of the Yik Yak, our heroine becomes involved with a sadistic dominatrix-queen and her underground city of kinky gladiator women. Perhaps the greatest danger that Gwendoline faces, however, is coming down with a serious case of walking pneumonia. That's not surprising. She cavorts about bare-assed naked for most of the film.



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When you get an urge for a hard-on this big, you know it's got Erection written all over it. Extra-Strength Erection has more prime meat than any regular-size prick. In fact, Erection is the biggest cock you can get without a prescription. There is nothing you can buy that is harder or works better than Extra-Strength Erection.



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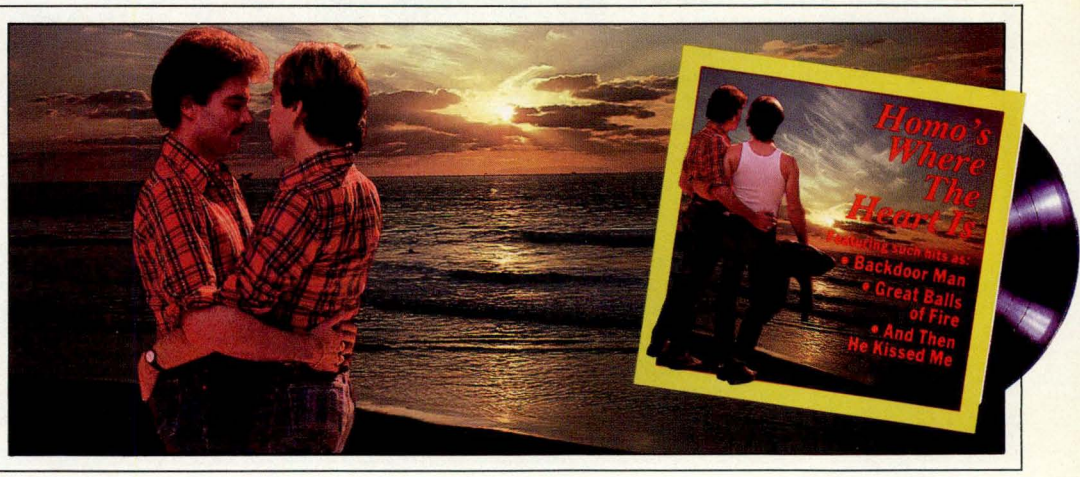
Pistol-Myers

*AD PARODY–NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY.

WHEN THIS ADVERTISEMENT FIRST RAN IN MAGAZINES ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, THESE MODELS HAD NO IDEA THEY'D BE THE INSPIRATION FOR *OUR* MODIFIED VERSION OF IT. SURE, THOSE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ORIGINAL EXCEDRIN AD WERE ALLUDING TO THE MAGNITUDE OF THE LADY'S HEADACHE–BUT WE COULDN'T HELP THINKING THEY REALLY HAD THEIR HEADS SOMEPLACE ELSE.

Sticking It in the Groove

Remember what was playing on the radio when you first came out of the closet? Now you can relive that moment with this new finger-popping collection of hits from KY-Tel. Yes, all those fag favorites are here in one big 12-inch collection that'll make your buns quiver. So order today by dialing KY-Tel's toll-free number: 1-800-555-HOMO. This record–and a little Elbow Grease–will bring you many nights of warm, *deep* happiness.



3 FLAGS

HANDICAP HEAVEN





Paraplegic Amusement Park

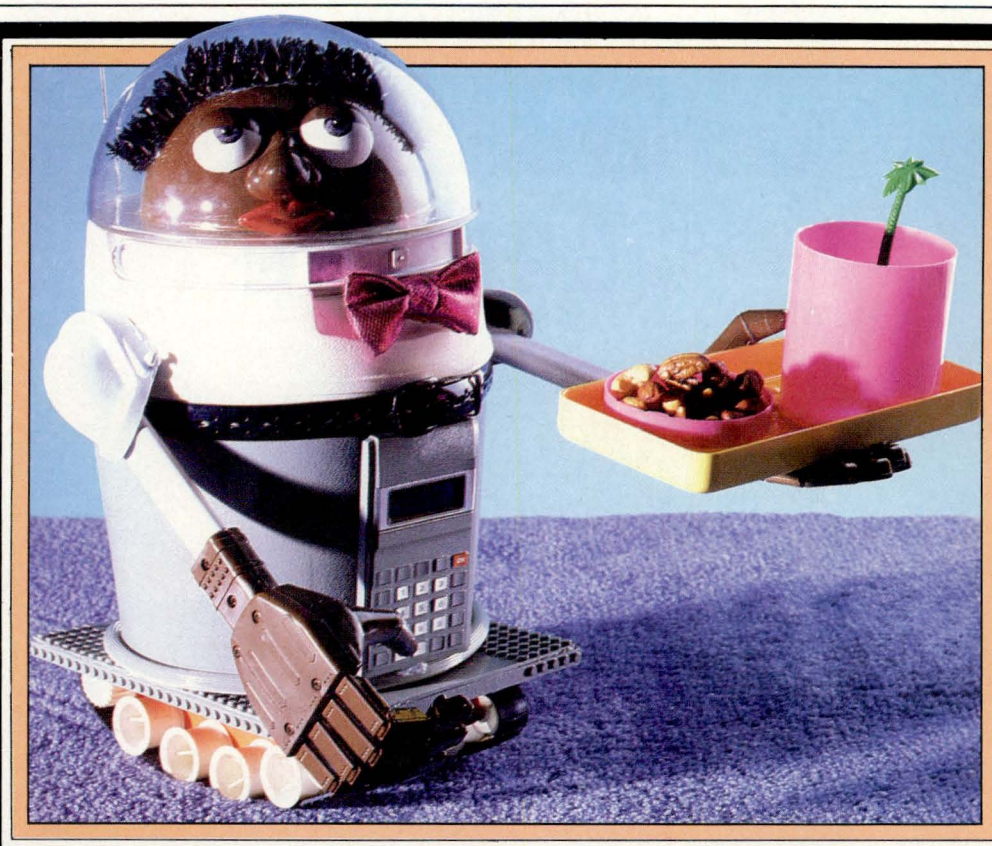
Can't get out on the weekends? Nowhere to go for excitement? Got no hands or feet to have fun with? Don't just sit there like a bump on a log.

Now there's a fun center that's designed exclusively for the disabled. Specially trained paramedic attendants will whisk you through the park's numerous fun-filled rides. Feel the exhilaration of scaling all four feet of Crutch Mountain.

Let yourself go and float down Cripple Creek without a boat. Then you can zoom along the Super Stump–the world's only "bring your own" roller coaster.

This place is a real scream, and so low-priced that even those on Blue Cross or Medicare will be able to afford it. But best of all, there's absolutely no parking problems–because every one of the spaces is marked "Handicapped"!





Mechanized Manservant

Bro'-bot, the fully automated house nigger from Has-Bro, is the latest thing in slavery. Cheap, efficient and legal, this automatic step-and-fetch-it is the perfect item for those people who've always had a streak of the plantation owner in them. The silicon-chip wonder comes in a variety of models, including the Shoeshine Boy, Redcap, Uncle Tom and the all-purpose Gofer at the left. Each one of these obedient little rascals will respond on command and perform even the most menial tasks with a smile. There's even a built-in voice box so your "boy" can mutter such servile phrases as "I'm shufflin', boss, I'm shufflin'," "Ya suh, ya suh, massa," or sing spirituals such as "Swing Low Sweet Chariot" and "Go Down, Moses." The Bro'-bot is the best thing to come out of the Deep South since George Wallace and lawn jockeys.

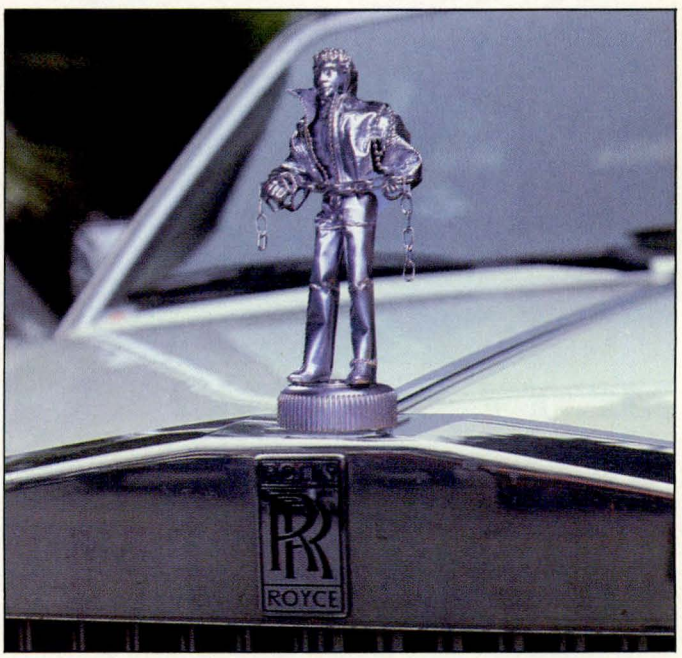


Nor-Dick Edition . . .

We're proud to report that the latest issue of HUSTLER's Scandinavian Edition is selling better than Swedish meatballs. Featuring reprints of daring pictorials, controversial cartoons and hard-hitting investigative reports, this baby is so hot, it could melt the polar ice cap. "Now," says one satisfied subscriber, "I can tell a vulva from a Volvo."

Hood Ornament

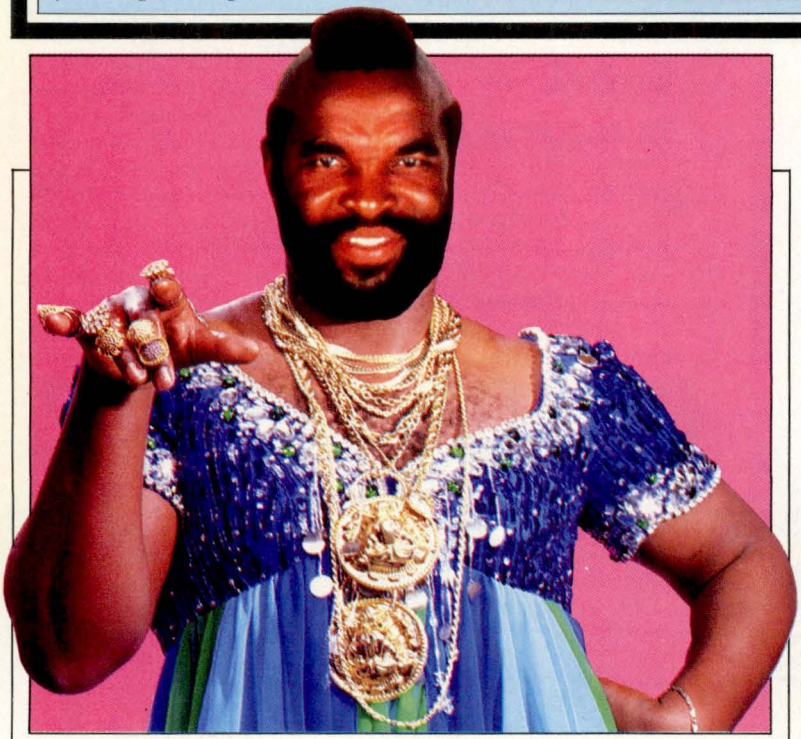
Here's the latest thing for the young and stylish gang leader who's got a lot of unlaundered dough that he wants to get rid of. These solid-platinum hood ornaments attach directly to the front of any stolen Rolls-Royce or Bentley and make it look like a million bucks. What's more, they let *everyone* know that there's one tough son of a bitch behind the wheel and that they'd all better get the fuck out of the way. So don't be the last badass boss in town to buy his very own customized symbol of the good life. With one of these babies on your front end, everybody'll keep their hands off the car–or else!



Give Till It Hurts

Move over, Jerry's kids. Public television, take your fund-raisers and shove 'em. Now there's a charity event a real man can support. The Telethon for Terrorists is an international campaign to raise bucks for such needy organizations as the Irish Republican Army, Palestine Liberation Organization, Italy's Red Brigade and the Weather Underground. Each year the kids of diplomats and big wheels are kidnapped and held for ransom. For $5, $10 or $25 you'll be sent the little finger of a young victim. Fifty-dollar donations bring a free ear. And any really bloodthirsty contributor who sends in $100 or more can blow out the brains of the hostage of his choice. Here's a charity you can get a bang out of.





Mr. TV

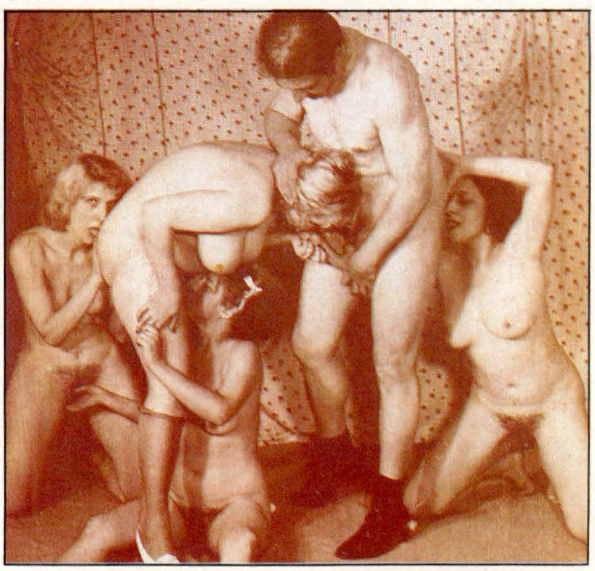
Well, the news is finally out—Mr. T's become a transvestite! In an effort to boost its continually sagging ratings, NBC has decided to target its hit series *The A-Team* at the homosexual audience. Soon to be known as *The Gay Team*, it'll feature the same actors in similar but more-effeminate roles. George Peppard will play limp-wristed Hannibal Swish, Dirk Benedict will be known as Lips (instead of Face), Murdock will now go by the name Mud Cock and, of course, Mr. T will keep his same title: B.A. His new catch phrase? "I pity the fool who don't bend over and grab his ankles when I tells him to."

The Gay Team is bound to be a big hit in the City by the Bay.

Porn From the Past

All Ernest did was send away for a book called *How to Score With Women Through Hypnotism*. Suddenly, he's got more love-starved bimbos on his hands (and other parts of his anatomy) than he knows what to do with. What happens when the girls eventually snap out of their trances? "I run like hell," Ernest replies with a gleam in his eye.

If you've got some mesmerizing old photos, send them to "Porn From the Past," HUSTLER Magazine, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. We'll pay $150 for any we publish.





Pope Tarts

For those Catholic moms who want their kids to start off each day with a glow, we suggest Pope Tarts–the sacred morning snack. One bite and your child will be absolved until nightfall, no matter what kind of mischief the little tyke gets into. And by throwing in a Hail Mary, you'll make a well-balanced meal that'll let God know you're the kind of mother who wants Him on her side.



Hard Day at the Office

Besides the trench coat and dark glasses, life as a pornographer has other fringe benefits. Here HUSTLER Managing Editor N. Morgen Hagen is seen checking out a few of them (not the popcorn or free porn-movie tickets). Since all material "comes" across his desk for approval, he often goes at it late into the night. But the deadpan HUSTLER veteran never complains. "It's a dirty job" he says, "but somebody's gotta do it."



Forgive Us

Once in a while even *we* produce something that's so unfunny, we're forced to hide our heads in embarrassment. Case in point: this ad parody about women's bras. Obviously, the joke is pretty weak, and not one hard-core HUSTLER fan would find even the slightest particle of humor in it. Why then, you ask, do we run it at all? Simple. We're human, we fuck up, and you deserve the right to see us at our worst. By the way, the editor who was responsible for this item has been sacked. Amen.



Ads We'd Like to See



Most Tasteless Cartoon



HUSTLER Update



PORNOGRAPHY AND VIOLENCE
August '84

In a hard-hitting *Publisher's Statement,* Larry Flynt deplored the squandering of $800,000 on an ill-conceived government investigation to identify possible links between pornography and youth violence. Although previous studies have found no connection, the Justice Department awarded that outrageous amount to Judith A. Reisman, Ph.D., to research the same tired subject. Last December, House and Senate subcommittees called the project a "thorough waste of taxpayers' money," and cut funding in half. We applaud the decision but feel that $400,000 is still too much.



CHEMICAL AND GERM WARFARE
February '83

HUSTLER investigative reporter Ben Pesta detailed the horrors of germ warfare and exposed our government's secret testing on unsuspecting Americans. In government papers recently made public under the Freedom of Information Act, it was revealed that the U.S. Army released live bacteria in a Washington airport and bus station to simulate a real germ-warfare attack. The incident was just one of hundreds of such experiments that were conducted by the federal government. HUSTLER was the first publication to expose these tests and will continue to do so until they are completely abolished.

Contributors

HUSTLER pays $150 for each reader-submitted Bits and Pieces item. In the event that two or more readers' submissions are used in one B&P item, the payment is $50 for each submission. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to any material submitted, but we'll return any rejected material and original artwork (not including photos) on request if an SASE is enclosed. For April, $150 goes to T. J. Byars. ***HUSTLER's comments on pictures, people, trademarks and/or copyrighted material ("items") are only its opinion (frequently in the form of parody or satire) based solely on only those facts (including the pictures) disclosed. HUSTLER's use of such items is not authorized by the persons named and/or depicted by the trademark or copyright owners, and no such authorization should be inferred.***



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X-RATED FILMS

Edited by Doug Oliver

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which ones are ripoffs and which ones aren't. HUSTLER's reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we'll continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to even better productions.

Girls on Fire

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced by Bill Amerson; written by Harold Lime Jr.; directed by J. Remy; starring Jamie Gillis, Kimberly Carson, Bobby Bullock, Ginger Lynn, John C. Holmes, Angel, Cody Nicole, Raven, R. Bolla, Shanna McCullough, Shaun Michelle and Harry Reems. Running time: 84 minutes.

This fun flick combines the considerable talents of such grand old men of porn as Harry Reems, John C. Holmes, Jamie Gillis and R. Bolla with a comparatively fresh crop of energetic nymphets. If nothing else, *Girls on Fire* offers living proof that a man's sexual powers and desirability do not decline–no matter how paunchy or terminally middle-aged he is. And the result is a sexy, well-done, wanger-whacker of a film.



'Girls on Fire': Sparks fly when John C. Holmes comes up against Ginger Lynn.

Girls' zany plot sends insurance investigators Gillis and Bobby Bullock to the home of Kimberly Carson in search of clues that will explain the torching of a heavily insured building owned by her gangster husband. Lonely, sexually neglected Carson provides no info about the blaze, but she does show the guys a hot time.

While Gillis occupies Carson's attention–and her snatch–Bullock cases the joint and discovers an incriminating little black book. Then Carson's returning husband finds the three of them, and the two sleuths high-tail it off the property–pursued by menacing bodyguard/thug Holmes–and take refuge in fashion designer Bolla's nearby studio.

There, three models (Lynn,



Pornstud Bobby Bullock ignites the easily flammable Angel in 'Girls on Fire.'

Angel and Raven) hide Gillis and Bullock–giving them all a chance to frolic in the sack. Cody Nicole, Bolla's assistant, is bound and gagged and then fucked by Gillis and Raven so she won't reveal the guys' presence. Lynn sets out after Holmes, who–hoping to make himself less conspicuous as he hunts his quarry–has slipped into a dress. Of course, he couldn't be *more* conspicuous if he walked down Main Street with his foot-long cock hanging out. She has no trouble spotting him and less trouble deciding what to do with his giant dong. Lynn gamely takes as much as she can into her mouth but has more success taking his ponderous pud up her cunt. The ensuing sex romp is a wonder to behold.

Eventually the bad guys are rounded up by the cops–who've been summoned by Carson–and the good guys get off (and get away).

Oh, yes . . . Harry Reems fucks the daylights out of Shaun Michelle on a pool table at the beginning of the film. It's certainly a plot detour, but you won't mind. The sparks this scene sends off will–like the rest of the picture–really fire you up. *–D. O.*

Professional Janine

Fully Erect. Produced and directed by Gunter Otto; written by F. G. Marcus; starring Leila Vigso, Karine Gambier, Sigi Buchner, Bruno Ruditis, Sascha Atzenbeck and Christa Unterkirchner. Running time: 100 minutes.

Imagine a visually exciting, raunchy, high-spirited, semen-drenched fuckarama that features a large cast of unknown performers who look like real people rather than would-be celebrities, and you've got the breath of fresh air that is *Professional Janine*. On second thought don't imagine it–haul ass to your nearest theater and check it out.

This is one of the most remarkable porn films you'll ever see–



From coin-snatching to boudoir-boffing, 'Professional Janine' is a knockout.

mainly because of its staggering abundance of sex. But that's not all. The production values are first-rate: Direction and photography are excellent, the art direction is superb (settings and costumes are accurate for the story's 19th-century period), and the outdoor locations are scenic marvels. The soundtrack and sometimes-inept dubbing of this European import take some getting used to, but these are the only drawbacks to the frisky romp.

A sequel to 1979's equally cock-boggling *Sensational Janine* (reviewed in HUSTLER, April '80), it continues the story of a Viennese lady of pleasure who leaves home to make her way in the world. Since this movie chronicles a woman's sexual adventures, there's no more to the plot than Janine (played by the succulent and alluring Leila Vigso) fucking and sucking her way from one end of the Austro-Hungarian Empire to the other.

Due to the dubious translation, some of the storyline is garbled, but here's a brief scenario: Janine fucks an Arab, gives a handjob to an old man who flashes her from the bushes, then fucks a soldier who has seen her and the old man. She gets a ride in a carriage driven by a portly gent who takes her home and screws her, then takes her to the local tavern to meet his friends. Janine whacks off the man and his pal as they sit at a table . . . then the serious stuff gets under way. And all this happens in the first 15 or 20 minutes. Get the picture? Wherever Janine goes, a cum-shot is not far behind.

There's sex on horseback, in hotels, in barns, in forests and on the plains. Although some of these locations appear to be less than comfortable, the wonder is that none of the 30 or so sexual encounters are brutal or violent. *Professional Janine* is a shining depiction of a healthy sexuality in high gear–and gives a new meaning to the term *wall-to-wall sex*. *–D. O.*

The Pink Lagoon

Half Erect. Produced and directed by David I. Frazer and Svetlana; written by David I. Frazer; starring Jerry Butler, Ginger Lynn, Stacey Donovan, Raven, Sondra Stillman, Roxanne Rollann, Jay Serling, Ron Jeremy, Crystal Breeze and Starbuck. Running time: 88 minutes.

The Pink Lagoon is so laid-back, it practically sinks into the blue Pacific that surrounds its lush, tropical setting. Filmmakers Frazer and Svetlana are specialists at finding and photographing gorgeous girls. They also specialize in putting these lovelies in untaxing, uninvolving and stupid stories–a wise move on one hand because most of these beauties couldn't act their way out of an orgasm, let alone portray a character. But a silly, illogical, inconsistent story has to have something to counterbalance it–hot sex is a solution that readily comes to mind. Unfortunately,



A foursome with Butler, Lynn, Stillman and Donovan highlights 'Pink Lagoon.'

that doesn't seem to be what occurred in this instance. There's sex all right, but with few exceptions (Ginger Lynn being one) the performers and scenes are fairly listless, mechanical, predictable, unenergetic and lacking in intensity.

Here's the plot: Five mouthwatering women (Lynn, Stacey Donovan, Sondra Stillman, Roxanne Rollann and Raven) arrive at a deserted island with an explorer (Jay Serling) to retrieve escaped convict Jerry Butler and



'Pink Lagoon': Ron "Leopard Man" Jeremy pounces on Crystal Breeze.

hunt for treasure. (Butler had been stranded there with three of the girls in Frazer and Svetlana's previous film, *Surrender in Paradise*; but rather than return to prison, he stayed behind when a rescue party showed up.) Butler and the girls figure out that they are being secretly photographed by Serling–and a hidden camera crew–who hopes to sell the pics back home on the porn market. They get their revenge by stealing the film and replacing it with footage they shot of Serling with *his* pants down.

Butler's reunion with Lynn, Donovan and Stillman is one of the film's sexual highlights, as is Lynn's steamy encounter with a "native" (Starbuck). Also of note is Butler and the girls' torrid five-cunt-fuck on the beach. Because the locations, situations and the cast are virtually identical, watching *Pink Lagoon* is almost like seeing a not-so-instant replay of the producers' last three flicks.

Nevertheless, there's no denying this movie's certain appeal to those whose chief joy is ogling comely chicks–but their lack of sexual enthusiasm is more appropriate to still photography than a hard-action picture. Any one who's into passive poon will get off on *Pink Lagoon*, but if you demand livelier porn bimbettes, this X-rater will probably be a big disappointment. *–D. O.*



Hostage Girls

Half Erect. Produced by James George; written by Rick Marx; directed by Jackson St. Louis; starring Renee Summers, Brooke Fields, Taija Ray, Danielle, Joey Silvera, Jerry Butler, George Payne, Klaus Multia and Dick Howard. Running time: 77 minutes.

The latest product off the George-Marx-St. Louis (better known as Henri Pachard) assembly line is *Hostage Girls*, an otherwise-ordinary movie that features good dialogue and a couple of scorching sex scenes.

First the scorchers. Pudgy fireball Renee Summers is on the receiving end of a volcanic cunt-lapping by sex dynamo Danielle–who tongues her gash with such gusto, it looks as if she intends to literally shake an orgasm out of the girl. The only other sex scene of note takes place between Summers and Joey Silvera, who portrays a prison escapee. Alluding to Silvera's recent "gay time" behind bars, little round Renee taunts him into butt-fucking her. He warms up by burying his bone in her snatch before fucking her tits. After probing her poop-chute with first one, then two fingers, he shoves his cock up her ass and bangs her bum like a man possessed.

The story is fairly simple: Three convicts (Silvera, George Payne and Klaus Multia) bust out



Joey Silvera checks the oil before driving into one of the 'Hostage Girls.'

of prison and head for New York City. By chance they force open the door of an apartment occupied by four girls–three hot chicks (Summers, Taija Ray and Danielle) and Brooke "Snore" Fields. (As usual, beautiful Brooke is so emotionally detached from the action that she looks more like a guest on a TV special about lobotomies than a star in a fuck flick.) The fugitives hold the girls hostage and take turns screwing them between hands of a heated game of Go Fish! Finally, the cops arrive and haul the hoods back to the slammer, ending the girls' ordeal.

Some ordeal. Ray, Danielle and Summers look capable of taking on an entire prison and begging for more. And if someone would wake Brooke up, she could too. *–D. O.*



'Hostage Girls': Dick Howard tongues passive porn princess Brooke Fields.

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.



Fully Erect

Dixie Ray–Hollywood Star
Every Woman Has a Fantasy
Firestorm
Great Sexpectations
Hot Pursuit
Insatiable II
Reel People
Rx for Sex
Spitfire
Suzie Superstar



Three-Quarters Erect

All American Girls in Heat
Corruption
Dirty Girls
Erotic Radio WSEX
Female Sensations
Go for It
Hypersexuals
Never Sleep Alone
Night Magic
Piggy's
Public Affairs
Sex Spa U.S.A.
Studhunters
Temptation
The Pleasure Hunt
Throat . . . 12 Years After
Trinity Brown
Unthinkable
Viva Vanessa–The Undresser



Half Erect

All the Way In
Flashpants
Inflamed
Kinky Business
Private Moments
Raw Talent
Sex Play
Sexdance Fever
Show Your Love



One-Quarter Erect

An Unnatural Act
L'Amour
Sweet Young Foxes



Totally Limp

A Bit Too Much Too Soon
Bodacious Ta Ta's

NOTE: Since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Check with your theater to make sure that you're getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE



FULLY ERECT
Superior. A top production.



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT
A well-made film.



HALF ERECT
So-so. Limited appeal.



ONE-QUARTER ERECT
Poor. Don't expect much.



TOTALLY LIMP
A waste of time and money.

PORNPOURRI

Edited by Doug Oliver

Adult entertainment has diversified. Videotapes produced exclusively for home viewing are now being manufactured and can be purchased at this country's nearly 9,000 video stores or through scores of mail-order companies. To help you sort out the best from the rest, HUSTLER provides these capsule reviews of the newest X-rated home videos, as well as the latest happenings in the world of erotic entertainment.

Spectators

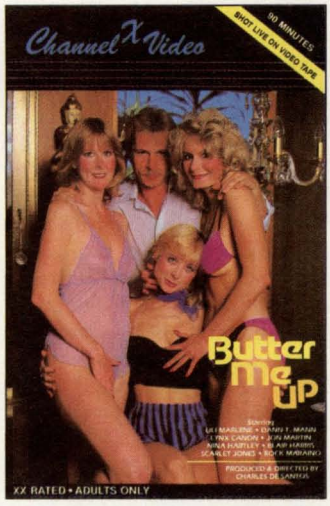
(Adult Video Corporation) When Paul (Richard Pacheco) tires of



his sex life with Kay (Kay Parker), he decides to perk things up by inviting strangers to have sex with her while he watches and beats off. Kay, a good sport if there ever was one, goes along with his desires. Paul produces a slew of fuck-hungry studs and bimbos–including Herschel Savage, Jon Martin, Rocky Hayne, Gayle Sterling, Helga and Toni Brooks–to get it on with Kay and one another. The results are scorching, especially a down-and-dirty Martin/Brooks/Hayne threeway performed before a terrified, trussed-up Parker. Porn giant Anthony Spinelli directed this low-budget pud-pleaser that features good acting and great action. *–Jack Mortimer*

Butter Me Up

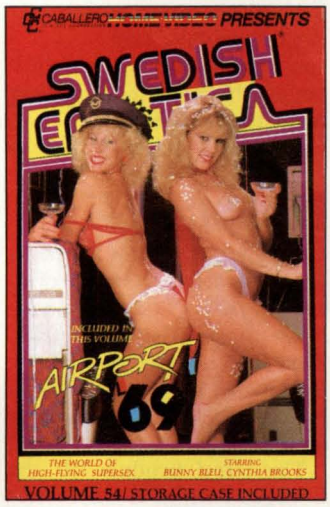
(Channel X Video) The newest fudge-packing epic from Channel X stars many of the same slender blond bitches who appeared in *Anal Annie and the Backdoor Housewives*–Nina Hartley, Lili Marlene, Lynx Canon and Scarlet Jones. In this outing, however, the poop-chute princesses go more for the boys than for the toys–mostly the long dicks of Dan T. Mann, Jon Martin and Blair Harris, who replace the vibrators and dildos that call these girls' heinie-holes home. Of course, no kink-vid would be complete without one or two appearances by plastic pricks, and sure enough, while Mann checks Marlene's oil, Hartley helps her along by shoving a dildo up her cunt. (There's also a torrid scene in which luscious Lynx gets butt-fucked by Marlene's strap-on



dick.) One thing's for certain: Anal-action connoisseurs will melt with joy over *Butter Me Up*. *–J. M.*

Swedish Erotica Volume 54

(Caballero Control Corporation) The latest edition of this high-quality series gets off to a yawningly slow start with "Airport 69," 20 minutes of all-too-predictable jumbo-jet sex (like fucking in a lavatory and a pilot-stewardess tryst). It's the second segment, "Dancing," that will make your boxers bulge. Here the camera caresses the supple bodies of a male and female dancer as they engage in a white-hot sexual ballet. From first meeting to final cum-shot the moody, visually stunning episode will keep your rod at the ready. The final loop, "Drive-In," features boyish stud Tom Byron and two blond bimbos who romance



his bone in a '50s-style convertible at an outdoor movie theater. Although the girls' cocksucking skills could stand some improvement, their sexual energy is inspiring–and their tits are dazzling. *Volume 54* is worth a look. *–D. O.*

Femme Fatale

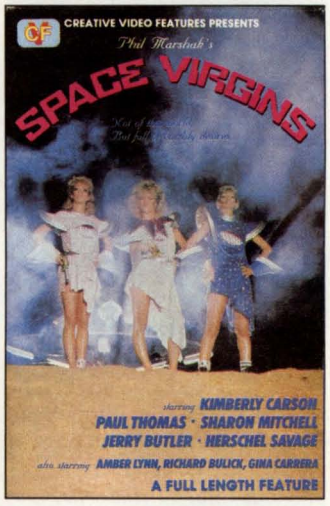
(Vista Video) Janey Robbins and Cody Nicole are solid gold in this beautifully photographed and directed feature-length tape. Robbins plays a house hunter who finds more than she expects in the attic of an old Victorian mansion. As she looks through a photo album left behind by previous residents, scenes from their steamy sexual escapades come alive for her–and for us. Paul Thomas, porn's Ward Cleaver, portrays the levelheaded master



of the house who forces his wife (Nicole) to watch and diddle herself while he gets it on with the maid (Mai Lin). Robbins spends the entire day in the attic stroking her clit while fantasy after fantasy washes over her: Thomas fucking Nicole into the ozone, a searing Sapphic shoot-out between Lin and Nicole, and a red-hot episode in which Robbins sucks two studs' cocks at the same time. At the climax, real-estate salesman Blair Harris discovers Robbins masturbating feverishly and wastes no time substituting his sword for her fingers. This tape is so hot, you may have to hose down your VCR afterward. *–J. M.*

Space Virgins

(Creative Video Features) Sizzling smut queen Kimberly Carson shows off a new hairdo and her fabulous ass in this nicely done debut tape by newcomer Creative Video. Paul Thomas, Jerry

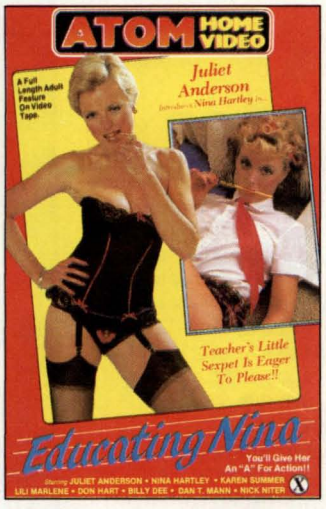


Butler and Herschel Savage also give top-flight performances as Carson's dim-witted, sex-crazed brothers. The four live on a ranch–or is it a *raunch*?–in the middle of bum-fuck nowhere. A typical day for Carson finds her in the barn getting thoroughly boned by her well-endowed siblings. A not-so-typical evening finds her outside wishing on a star when–lo and behold–a spaceship lands at her feet, and three "space virgins" step out and demand sperm. Carson, the only one in the family with a measurable IQ, quickly seizes the opportunity to get out of screwing her brothers for a while. She introduces the extraterrestrial nymphos to the boys as foreign-exchange students. It doesn't take the spacelings long to get the hang of Earth sex, and the action gets triple-hot as they proceed to suck and fuck the guys into hog heaven. Good characterizations and well-done special effects

highlight this video, which also offers funny dialogue and a generous portion of interplanetary porking. *–J. M.*

Educating Nina

(Atom Home Video) Nina Hartley gets the education in this full-length video–though from the look of things, there's not much she needs to be taught. Hartley plays a college coed writing her master's thesis on the positive aspects of living out sexual fantasies. Enlisting the aid of some friends, Hartley first tests her theory in a blistering muff-munching episode with perky Karen Summers. Then she jumps into a red-hot fuckfest with Billy Dee–who gives a great performance as a male stripper banging Nina for all she's worth on the stage of a girl's-night-out club. In the only lackluster sequence two gents (Mike Horner and Nick Niter) halfheartedly jack off in Lili Marlene's face. The final fantasy, however, will restore your missile to MX proportions when Juliet Anderson puts in an appearance for a bone-stiffening 69 with Lili Marlene while Dan T. Mann looks on and whacks off. *Educating Nina* may have some terrible acting and dull-looking locations, but the sex is truly steam-city! *–J. M.*



Sexbusters

(Playtime Video) In this takeoff on Hollywood box-office smash *Ghostbusters*, the stars (Karen Summers and Candi) get jizzed instead of slimed. Karen and Candi–a pair of dingy, big-breasted bimbettes–play outcall sex therapists. Armed with dildos, vibrators and other labor-saving devices, they careen through this low-rent production responding to the needs of the sexually distressed. In the hottest and most humorous segment Steve Drake confides to his priest that he thinks he's a woman because he can't get it up. The worldly man of the cloth phones the Sexbusters, who drop in on Drake and miraculously get his wiener roasting. In no time he's skewering Karen doggy-style and coming on Candi's waiting face. After a few more house calls the girls invite everyone back to their office for an orgy that ends in a slow-motion, get-out-the-lifeboats cum-shot. Except for these two scenes, however, *Sexbusters* is disappointingly low-spirited. *–J. M.*



Sheri St. Clair gets a double dose of sexual attention from the 'Sexbusters.'



Porn Hall of Famers John C. Holmes (upper left), Georgina Spelvin (upper right), Marilyn Chambers (below) and Harry Reems (lower right).





Smut's Hall of Fame

The X-Rated Critics Organization recently announced the creation of porn's first official Hall of Fame. Jim Holliday–the undisputed fuck-film authority –called it's inception "long overdue."

Thirteen adult-film pioneers were selected for this first-ever honor: filmmakers David F. Friedman, Radley Metzger and Gerard Damiano; actors John C. Holmes, Jamie Gillis, Eric Edwards, Harry Reems and John Leslie; and actresses Georgina Spelvin, Marilyn Chambers, Rene Bond, Sharon Thorpe and Tina Russell.

Asked about the conspicuous absence of Linda Lovelace from the list, Holliday would only remark, "No dog-fuckers allowed." Unfortunately for her *Deep Throat* co-star Harry Reems, the Hall of Fame carries no financial reward. A short time ago Reems declared bankruptcy. Ironically, he received only $100 for his role in *Throat*, which has earned more than $25 million.

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THIS MONTH'S TOP 40

☐ 1	DEADLY LOVE ★	☐ 21	NEVER SO DEEP
☐ 2	SEX WAVES	☐ 22	HIGH SCHOOL MEMORIES
☐ 3	MISTY BEETHOVEN	☐ 23	DRACULA EXOTICA
☐ 4	NAUGHTY GIRLS	☐ 24	ALICE IN WONDERLAND
☐ 5	DEBBIE DOES DALLAS	☐ 25	DOWNSTAIRS/UPSTAIRS
☐ 6	SUZI SUPERSTAR	☐ 26	DIRTY WESTERN
☐ 7	DANCERS	☐ 27	TITILLATION
☐ 8	INSIDE JENNIFER WELLES	☐ 28	IRRESISTIBLE
☐ 9	BLONDE GODDESS	☐ 29	SCOUNDRELS
☐ 10	PAMELA MANN	☐ 30	BAD GIRLS
☐ 11	NASTY GIRLS	☐ 31	8 TO 4
☐ 12	GAMES WOMEN PLAY	☐ 32	TALK DIRTY TO ME
☐ 13	INSATIABLE	☐ 33	DEVIL IN MISS JONES II
☐ 14	DEEP THROAT	☐ 34	EROTIC ADVT. OF CANDY
☐ 15	LITTLE ORPHAN DUSTY	☐ 35	HUSTLER VIDEO #1
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DANGER
THE ULTIMATE APHRODISIAC?



BY MICHAEL LEVINE

Many areas in the sexual world have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER Magazine's belief that the repression of any and all sexual information is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of revealing articles to keep your sexual knowledge current, to lessen your inhibitions and–ultimately–to make you a much better lover.

Tales of frightened men and women who find sexual bliss amid impending danger have persisted throughout history. War, for instance, never fails to produce at least one legend concerning the chance encounter between a nurse and a soldier.

While serving as a nurse during the Vietnam War, Sally had seen the devastating effects of napalm and bullets on human flesh. She tried to soothe the pain and fear of men as they lay waiting to die. But now, deep inside enemy territory, it was her turn to be afraid. She and a wounded soldier found themselves alone after a mortar attack hit the field hospital to which she was assigned. The sounds of combat–the rhythmic pounding of heavy artillery and machine-gun fire–were deafening. Despondent because it appeared that rescue was impossible, she wondered what the enemy would do if it captured a young woman like herself. She shuddered.

Just then Sally noticed the GI staring at her and sensed that he too was afraid. The nurse felt a familiar warming flush coursing through her entire body. *If only I were in someone's loving arms*, she mused, *then everything would be all right.*

She nodded at the bloodied soldier, and they exchanged a look that left neither confused as to what they both wanted. Taking her in his trembling arms, he kissed her gently, and she felt herself surrendering.

Forgetting all about the Viet Cong and impending death, the nurse unbuckled the soldier's pants and sensuously took his cock between her lips and sucked until it stood at attention. Then she stood up, reached beneath her soft, white nurse's uniform and removed her soaking panties. Stopping only to guide the head of his penis into her now-hot vagina, Sally straddled the prone soldier. She bucked and moaned while bullets whizzed overhead and grenades exploded nearby.

Suddenly, she felt it–an orgasm that seemed to shake her entire soul. Never before had she experienced such a feeling! And when the soldier shot his semen deep into her soon after, she tingled in unbelievable ecstasy. Later, as they languished in the afterglow of mutually satisfying passion, they heard the whirring of helicopters overhead. A rescue party had found them!

* * *

The above account is only fiction, but stories like it have been told thousands of times, with thousands of variations. Yet all share a common theme: Men and women in great peril finding in sex some escape from a terrible reality. But are such stories only myth? Is it true that danger and fear produce sexual excitement? Researchers' opinions are divided.

H. R. Hayes, author of *Dangerous Sex*, states that sex is "a matter of both desire and fear." L. Humphreys, author of *Tearoom Trade: Impersonal Sex in Public Places*, adds that "[Sex is] the aphrodisiacal effect of danger." Dr. Nathan A. Shiff, a general practitioner who specializes in human sexuality, disagrees. In his book *Sex Without Anxiety*, he claims that "fear produces

Illustration by Mike Cressy

SEX PLAY *(continued from page 41)*

Military histories are filled with reports of men who get hard-ons while under fire.

premature ejaculation and impotence."

Actually, the physical effects of sexual excitement are completely opposite those of anxiety and fear. Pioneer psychiatrist Wilhelm Reich, in his *Bioelectrical Investigation of Sexuality and Anxiety*, reveals that during the initial stages of sexual excitement one usually experiences a sense of warmth. A man's penis becomes erect, a woman's vagina becomes moist, and her nipples harden. In essence, the central nervous system sends blood to the sexual organs in preparation for intercourse.

Reich maintains that fear restricts this flow of blood. The penis remains flaccid, the vagina doesn't become lubricated, and body temperature drops on occasion.

One must assume, then, that the feelings produced by danger and the ensuing fear would be incompatible with sexuality. Danger is, however, a very real–and lethal–element of Americans' sexual awareness. Estimates made in 1981 indicate that 250 people die every year while performing risky sexual practices–such as getting head in a speeding car or masturbating during self-strangulation.

"As people become more knowledgeable on the subject and less secrecy and taboo exist regarding this type of sexual practice, more cases may be reported," speculate Robert Hazelwood, Ann Burgess and A. Nicholas Groth in an article presented to the *Social Science & Medicine Journal*.

Their study investigated several cases in which people seeking the stimulating effects of danger actually killed themselves. In each instance the individual placed himself or herself in a death-defying situation in order to act out a sexual fantasy.

For example, a 40-year-old married salesman was discovered suspended from the basement ceiling by a hangman's noose. He was wearing a white T-shirt, nylons and a pair of open-toed high heels. Over his head was a woman's girdle, and his hands were bound with a belt. A coroner's inquest concluded that the victim had tied himself up while acting out some sort of bondage fantasy and had accidentally hanged himself.

Bondage fantasies have been linked to a number of other accidental deaths. Recently the body of a 32-year-old father of three–dressed in pantyhose, a woman's sweater and a brassiere–was found by his 11-year-old daughter. His hands were tied to his sides by a soft belt, a tampon was in his mouth, and a pink bra was wrapped around his head. His scrotum was swollen, and it appeared he'd been burned there by a cigarette. The cause of death was determined to be accidental asphyxiation due to the obstruction of his mouth and nasal cavity. Although the victim's belt had enough slack in it to let him slip his feet between his arms, thus allowing him to remove the gag, he lost consciousness before he could do so.

Investigators are frequently hard pressed to determine whether the death of such an individual is the result of murder or an auto-erotic practice that went wrong. Take the case of an 18-year-old student found stuffed into a garbage can in his garage. In order to remove the body, it was necessary to use a hammer and chisel. When freed, the victim was clad in only a T-shirt, jockey shorts and sneakers. His hands were loosely bound with buckled roller-skate straps, and abrasions were found around his mouth. An autopsy determined he died from suffocation caused by panic and the compression of his lungs.

The young man's parents, away on vacation at the time, refused to accept the ruling of accidental death, believing he'd been murdered during an attempted robbery. Homicide detectives reenacted the scene by having one of them with the same build and weight as the victim insert himself into a similar garbage can by placing the heels of his feet on the lip of the receptacle and his buttocks on the opposite lip. The cop then pulled his knees to his chest and subsequently fell in.

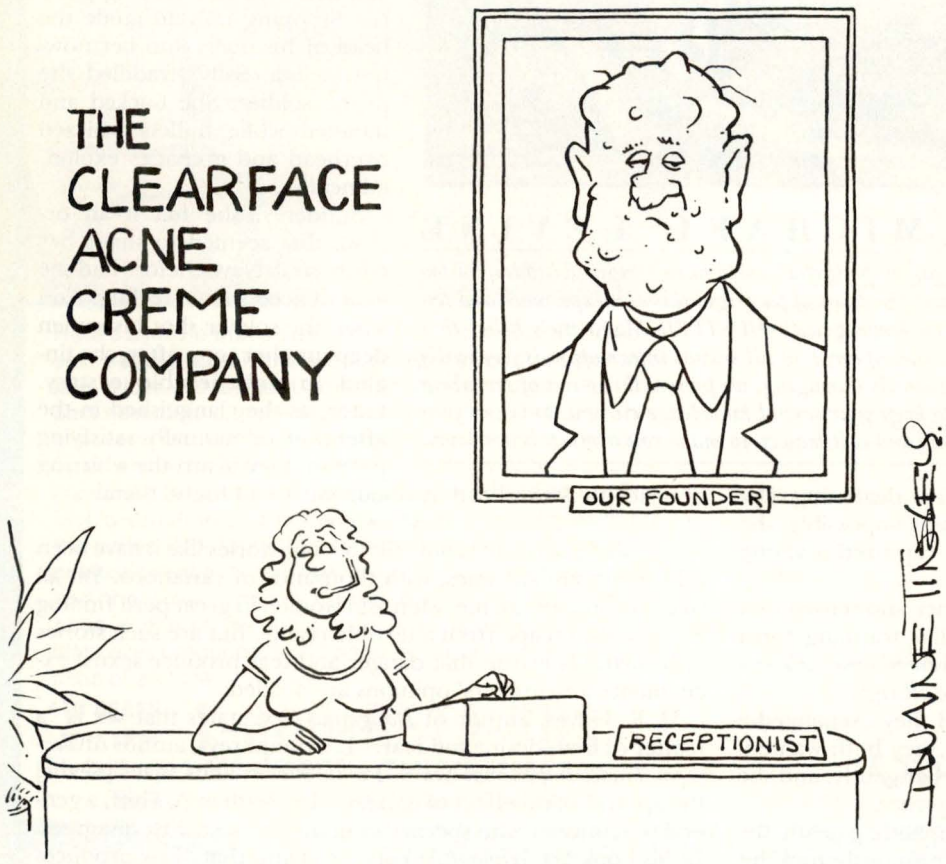
The abrasions around the victim's mouth apparently were caused by a roll of chicken wire found nearby. It was hypothesized that for some vicarious sexual thrill the young man intended to pull the wire with his mouth and tip the can over. Instead, he died.

* * *

In wartime, when danger and the threat of death are ever present, sexual appetites are infinitely heightened. Military histories are filled with reports of men who get hard-ons while under fire. For example, author William Broyles Jr. writes about "the zoomies who couldn't get an erection unless they were cutting in the afterburners on their F-4s" during the Vietnam conflict.

In *The Sexual History of the World War*, Dr. Magnus Hirschfield, director of the Institute for Sexual Science, reports that "a 30-year-old man, otherwise normal neurologically, used to get ejaculations, without erections or passion, during strong artillery fire." Hirschfield goes on

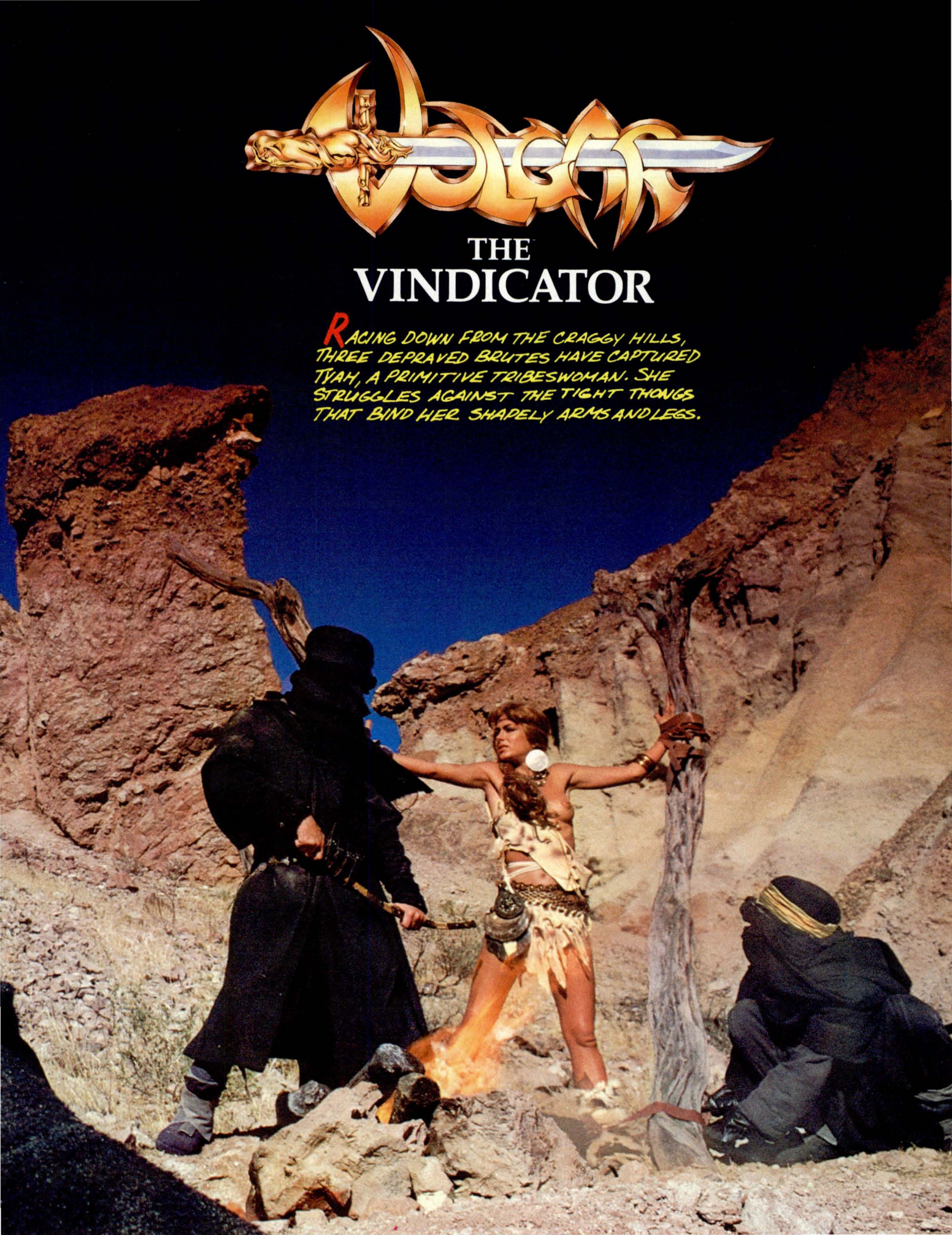
(continued on page 92)





"You really miss her, don't you, boy?"


PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT


VOLGAN
THE
VINDICATOR
RACING DOWN FROM THE CRAGGY HILLS, THREE DEPRAVED BRUTES HAVE CAPTURED TYAH, A PRIMITIVE TRIBESWOMAN. SHE STRUGGLES AGAINST THE TIGHT THONGS THAT BIND HER SHAPELY ARMS AND LEGS.


As the heathens prepare to ravish her, Tyah's frenzied cries echo through the canyon, reaching the ears of the wandering warrior, Volgar.

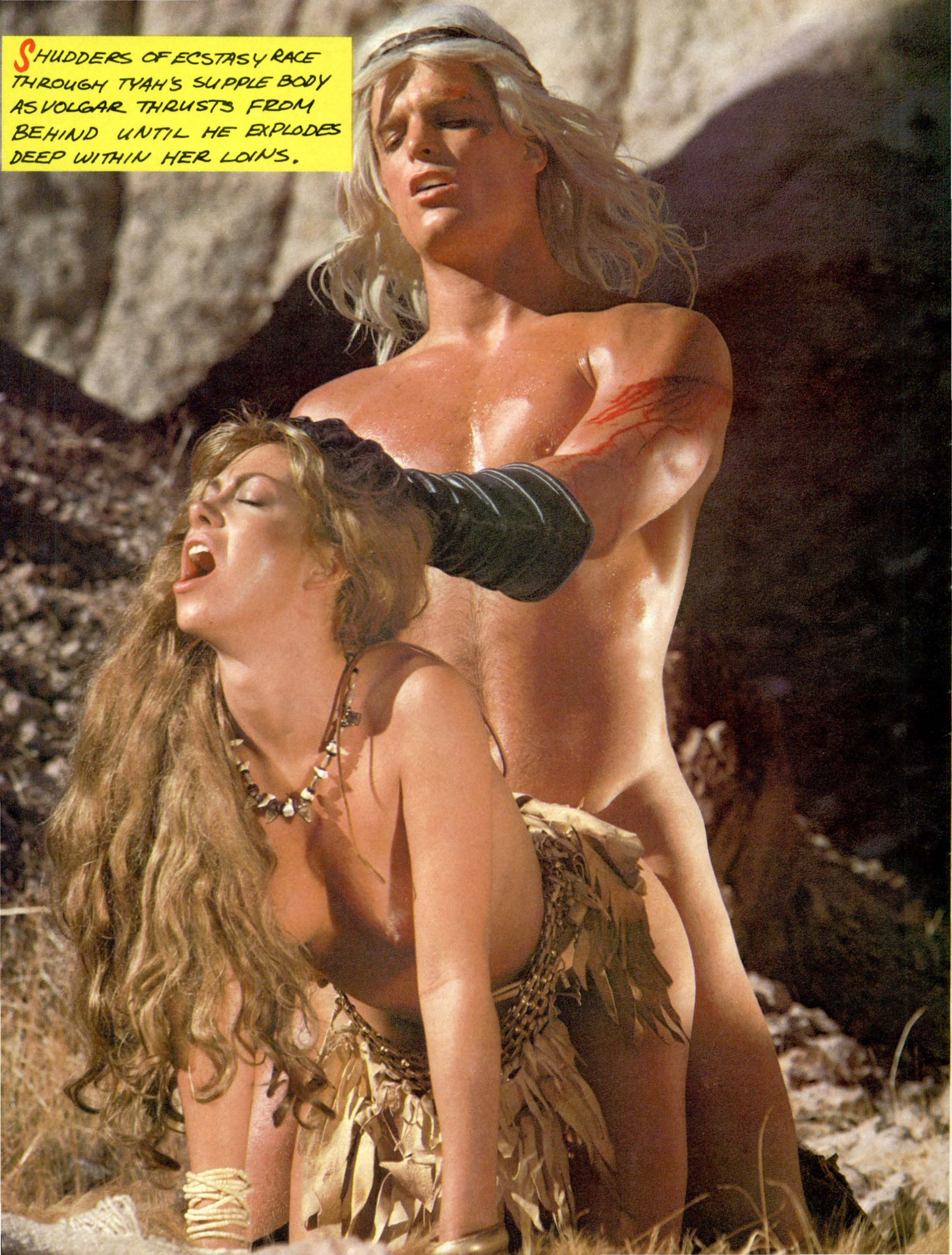

WIELDING HIS MIGHTY SWORD, HE FLEXES HIS ROCK-HARD MUSCLES AND ATTACKS— MAKING QUICK WORK OF HIS FEEBLE ADVERSARIES.




SAVED FROM AN EXCRUCIATING FATE, THE GRATEFUL TY'AH DROPS TO HER KNEES AND REWARDS THE BENEFACTOR.


RETURNING THE FAVOR, VOLGAR PLUNGES HEADLONG BETWEEN THE YOUNG WOMAN'S THIGHS BEFORE DRIVING HIS TONGUE FIRMLY INTO HER WET AND WILLING PUSSY.




SHUDDERS OF ECSTASY RACE THROUGH TYAH'S SUPPLE BODY AS VOLGAR THRUSTS FROM BEHIND UNTIL HE EXPLODES DEEP WITHIN HER LOINS.


GATHERING TYAH IN HIS STRONG ARMS, THE HEROIC WARRIOR CARRIES HER TO HIS CAVE. VOLGAR'S QUEST FOR ADVENTURE WILL RESUME AT DAY-BREAK, BUT TONIGHT HE'LL SAVOR HIS LUSTY PRIZE AGAIN AND AGAIN.
THE END



Photo of Witch by Ladi von Jansky



ROCK'S OUTER LIMITS

The Loud and 'Lude World of HEAVY METAL

by Lonn M. Friend



You could almost feel the sexual energy hanging in the air at the bustling Troubadour nightclub in West Hollywood, California. Reeking of pungent cologne, leather-clad long-haired males em-

Photos page 55 by Jeffrey Mayer

braced miniskirted nymphets in the corners of the dark, smoke-filled room.

Conversation was almost as loud as the recorded hard-rock music blaring over the 28-year-old establishment's public-address system. Swarms of customers moved from table to table, swapping drugs, swilling drinks and fondling one another as they anxiously awaited the appearance of the evening's star attraction.

At a narrow table located dead center, closest to the stage, three dazzlingly attractive bimbos in heavy eye makeup, spiked heels and fishnet stockings clamored for their local rock hero–the leader of the band. "Blackie! Blackie!" they screamed, laughing drunkenly. "We wanna fuck your hairy brains out!" Then they broke another Quaalude, shot down some Jack Daniel's and fixed their slowly dilating eyes on the spotlit stage.

"Torment her!" screamed W.A.S.P.'s Blackie Lawless–a six-foot-tall mass of charcoal-and-gray hair, running mascara, leather, chains and steel-bolted wristlets–while his heavy-metal band pounded their powerfully amplified instruments. The sound was deafening, but no one in the Troubadour complained.

Soon the spotlight moved to a girl wearing only a leather G-string and cloth hood who was strapped to a giant medieval torture rack. Metallic spikes jutted upward between her legs and fingers and under her armpits. As the music intensified, Blackie grabbed a ball and chain from behind the drummer and repeatedly bludgeoned the helpless girl's head. What looked like blood began gushing from under her hood, flowing over her shapely breasts.

"Torment her!" Blackie screamed again, his face taking on a crazed–almost-psychotic-looking–glow of terror.

Elvis Presley's legendary escapades with drugs and teenage girls in the '50s and '60s seem like strolls in the park compared to some of today's adventures in metal-land.

"Torment her!" the audience repeated, whipped into a frenzy by the mock molestation. The three girls at the front table screamed the loudest, slamming the stage with their leather-gloved hands and never missing a beat of the violent tune.

The hooded figure on the rack was now a mass of red. Her body glistened with sweat. Her arms and ankles shook, as if trying to break loose from the rack's lethal grasp. But there was no escaping–not until the song was over.

Half an hour later she joined the trio at the front table. Wearing a pair of leopard-spotted slacks and a torn T-shirt, still sporting the stains of theatrical blood on her chest, she plopped down next to Cyndi–her best friend–and asked for a 'lude.

"You were fucking incredible up there tonight, Pammy," Cyndi gushed.

"Thanks," replied the exhausted, sandy-haired 24-year-old. "But that fucking Blackie, he hit me so damn hard, for a minute I thought I was going to pass out."

"Are you going to fuck him later?" Cyndi asked, her voice beginning to show the slurring effects of drugs and alcohol.

"I dunno," Pammy replied with a mischievous giggle. "He's a boring lay. Maybe I'll just let him eat my pussy." Once the show ended, the partying would begin–as it did every night–and *she* would be the one calling the shots.

* * *

Wild and brazenly erotic as it may seem, scenes like this are commonplace in the decadent world of heavy-metal rock 'n' roll. Defined by thrashing guitar chords, screeching vocals and a driving beat, this unique and uncompromising form of music inevitably breeds excess. But despite the disorganized appearance of its fans and musicians, heavy metal is a

Flying Over the RAINBOW

"A good heavy-metaller would piss on a girl before he lets her break his heart!" shouts "Gentle Jim" from his jam-packed table, observing the mass of feminine flesh parading by his "station" at the notorious Rainbow Bar and Grill–the most famous nightclub in the western United States approved for patronage by the heavy-metal in-crowd.



Photo by Bill Allen

"I came here tonight to catch a real good disease," adds Charlie, another Rainbow regular, who hangs out at the West Hollywood, California, establishment when he's not listening to or playing loud, head-banging rock 'n' roll. Where else can a guy go to meet and fuck the hottest, sleaziest, most dangerously dressed young ladies in town? Where else can a girl go to score the drug of her choice–from cocaine to angel dust–without having to leave her booth? And where else can a groupie go to make a play for David Bowie, Eddie Van Halen, Rick James, Ronnie James Dio, Robert Plant, Billy Idol or any number of rock stars on any given night? Nowhere except the Rainbow, a wild-and-wanton world unto itself. While HUSTLER has no evidence of the Rainbow's management being aware of such activities, interviews with numerous patrons verify their existence.

Although the place opens at 6 p.m., things don't really start to jump until around 11. Unescorted girls in search of drugs and a "star-fuck" pour past "Steady," the guy who works the door, and his gorilla-size bouncer who takes no shit from anyone–metal rocker or not. A $5 entry fee gets you past the cashier's cage, where a vampiric lady in black mascara and two-foot-tall teased hair hands you tickets entitling you to a couple of drinks. A few steps beyond, the scene changes from mild anticipation to unbridled partying.

The Rainbow's main room is lighted year-round with red, blue, green and yellow Christmas-tree bulbs. Sexy-looking waitresses shuffle through the crowd, holding their drink trays high above the swarming bodies circulating to the smaller back room where the bar is located. Long-haired leather-clad rockers stand in hallways, putting the moves on

ROCK'S OUTER LIMITS *(continued from page 58)*

"It's anti-parent, anti-system, anti-Establishment, anti-authority," says one prominent critic.

crazed, devil-worshipping maniacs out to poison the minds and bodies of innocent teenagers who are pressured into this evil, satanic lifestyle." (HUSTLER found Wally George's opinions so ludicrous, by the way, that we named him our March '85 Asshole of the Month.)

Guitarist Nick Bowcott of the British metal band Grim Reaper dismisses ravings like these as pure lunacy. Although the title of his group's debut LP, *See You in Hell*, invites scrutiny by religious factions, Bowcott insists there's nothing at all diabolical in the music.

"The whole nature of heavy metal sort of lends itself to that dark kind of imagery," he says. "But that's all it is . . . imagery. We're no more evil than, say, Christopher Lee in one of his horror films. People who try to read things into the metal-look and image are ridiculous. They've got big, fucking problems."

Y&T's Leonard Haze agrees: "I don't tell anyone to worship God, Satan or the fucking kitchen sink. I don't give a shit what you do. Just get out there and have a good time rockin' and rollin'."

"We're just about as anti-Satan as you can get," adds Motley Crue's Nikki Sixx, defending his band's latest LP, *Shout At the Devil*. "*Shout* has nothing to do with the devil. What we're trying to say is 'shout' at the authorities. Anybody who is trying to control your life, and you don't want them to–they're the devil. It can be a politician, your boss, the police; it depends which side of the gun you're standing on. It could be the President, for all I know–I mean, Ronald Wilson Reagan is 666 if you count out the letters." (Three 6s refers to "the number of the beast"–symbolic of Satan–as described in Revelations 13:18.)

As far as the "head-bangers" (heavy-metal fans) are concerned, having a good time is the bottom line. If Ozzy Osbourne sings about barking at the moon or bites the head off a bat onstage, he's not advocating an underground cult of Satan-worshippers. He's performing, acting, and this is something that metal bands do best.

According to some observers, parents–perhaps unwittingly–have contributed significantly to the music's popularity and appeal. Defiance to and rebellion from parental authority draw the youthful masses to record stores, concert halls and cable television's MTV.

"Heavy metal is the one form of music today–besides punk, which hardly exists anymore–that contains one of the most basic elements of rock 'n' roll, which was conceived in the '50s: *rebellion*," says Twisted Sister's Dee Snider. "The parents don't like it. . . . [The kids] love it–plain and simple."

"When you're growing up, you *have* to be a good boy or a good girl," explains *Hit Parader*'s John Shelton Ivany. "You're told not to have any fun, and there's nothing you can do about it. But heavy metal . . . well, there's the escape. It's anti-parent, anti-system, anti-Establishment, anti-authority. Very wild, very rowdy, very strong and very powerful."

Ivany–who, incidentally, is the father of a 15-year-old girl–also believes that heavy metal represents a healthy outlet for the overactive adolescent imagination. "The kids who listen to the music and watch the bands go nuts onstage–they're living out their wildest fantasies. They refuse to be repressed. Seeing a Motley Crue or a Twisted Sister spit blood or scream until their lungs explode . . . this they can relate to. Heavy-metal groups cannot–and will not–be repressed."

Adds veteran syndicated rock-radio personality Mary Turner: "Heavy metal is so popular because the parents hate it. They detest it. It really offends them."

Turner also insists that metal music is not unhealthy, regardless of its rebellious and sometimes-immoral image. "It's a nice way to really break loose from a week at work or school," she explains. "It's a lot healthier than an acid trip."

"It's sheer escapism," agrees Quiet Riot's Kevin Du Brow, "and I don't think there's anything wrong with escapism, especially with the way the world is right now."

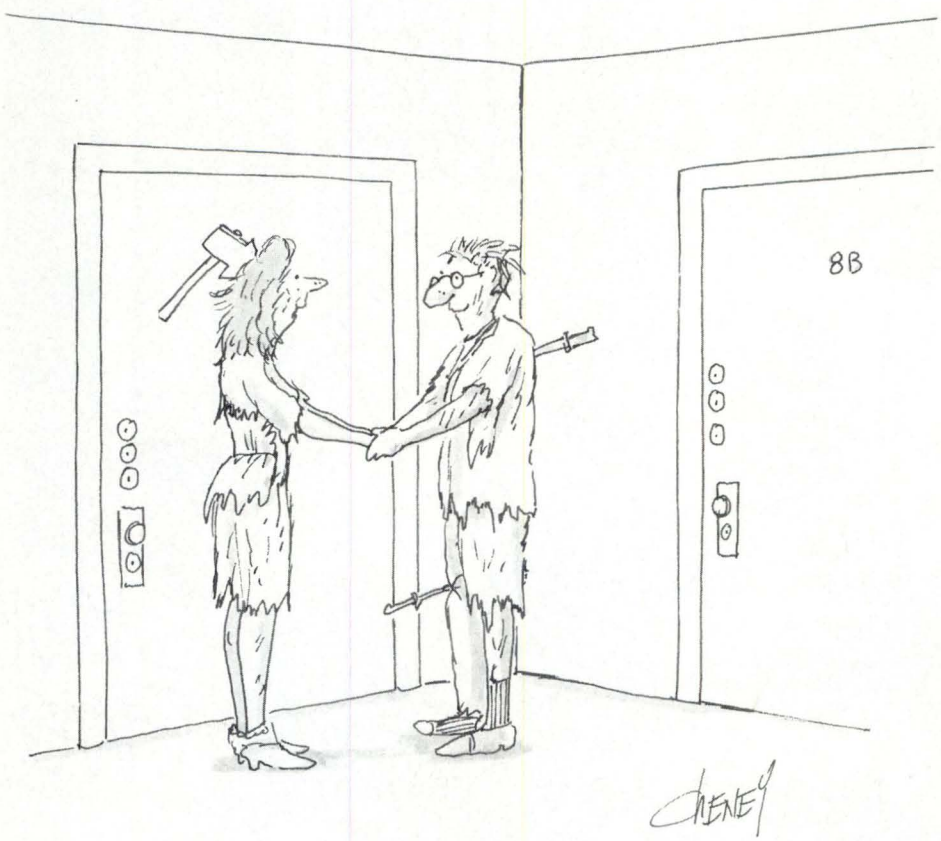
* * *

One Southern California heavy-metal group has completely broken away from tradition, raising a few eyebrows in the process. Unlike most bands, Stryper has an evangelical message for its audience: The born-again musicians want to change the whole face of rock 'n' roll from "evil to good."

Decked out in black-and-yellow-striped Spandex pants and covered with pounds of shaggy hair, Stryper's members claim to "rock for God." Lead singer Michael Sweet even tosses copies of the New Testament into the grasping hands of club patrons while the group performs its Christian metal-melodies.

"We're what lost people want to see and hear," says Sweet. "We don't com-

(continued on page 86)



"Thank you for showing me around New York, Norman!"


MELON PATCH DOLL
TAR
HEAT FOR 5
FEATHERS
MATCHES
LIGHT HERE
STAN FINES

"Gonna fuck us now, bitch?!" the two metal-men shouted, moving the chain saw closer to the girl's wide-open crotch.

end among the metal crowd. "The kids marvel at incidents like this," says *Hit Parader* editor-in-chief John Shelton Ivany. "In fact, girls have written to us asking, 'Why didn't Nikki stick that bottle in *me*?' "

Why does it seem as if every red-blooded American girl under the age of 18 wants to make it with a heavy-metal rocker?

"It's the old story–they want to be star-fuckers," says Lizzy Grey, guitarist for the L.A. band London. "A lot of them want to say to their girlfriends the next morning, 'I fucked so-and-so last night.' It's a status thing. And I'm always more than happy to add to their egos." Grey not only takes pleasure in fulfilling the sexual dreams of his groupies, he has a few fantasies of his own.

"My buddy and I have this pet eel," he chortles. "It's kind of a mascot. We plan to pin down a couple of girls and see how far we can shove it up their cunts. Hell, the eel's about a yard long, two inches wide and real smooth. If it can last out of water for an hour or two, we'll have a great time!"

"If you're on the road in a rock band and you want to get laid two, three, even four times a night, it's no fucking problem," says Y&T's Leonard Haze. "Once I scored four different chicks at a record-company party. I fucked one in the bedroom, got a blowjob from another in the bathroom, went back out to the party–got high–fucked the third one in the living room and at the end of the night got a blowjob in the car from this other chick."

"You turn a girl on after a gig with a little coke, and she'll take you home and fuck you all night," says Joey Bellfiore, a metal musician and hairstylist who has clipped the tangled curls of and partied with the likes of Ratt, Quiet Riot, Warrior, Lita Ford and Ronnie James Dio. In addition to the inherently sleazy heavy-metal image, Bellfiore believes that drugs play an important role in many girls' highly visible sexual attraction to rock-band members.

"Cocaine, 'loads' [a combination of two opiates], Dilaudid–it all gets you horny, man," he explains. "A lot of girls go down to the Rainbow Bar and Grill just to get high and find some dude to go down on. A lot of the girls are real shy and innocent, but some rocker gets 'em fucked up, and they're his for the night." (The Rainbow is a popular hangout on Hollywood's Sunset Strip. For an inside look, see pages 56-57.)

Cocaine parties are not uncommon on the metal circuit. For instance, in the opulent Hollywood Hills, one private residence known to insiders as "The Treehouse" has such drug soirees almost nightly. Cocaine seems to carpet the floor of virtually every room of the dwelling, which is owned by some men who apparently delight in the sight of promiscuous teenyboppers snorting and frolicking around their stylish home. According to one well-informed source, these guys hang out at Hollywood clubs, and their "line" to ladies is always the same: "You can have as much toot as you want, but you've got to fuck somebody at the end of the night."

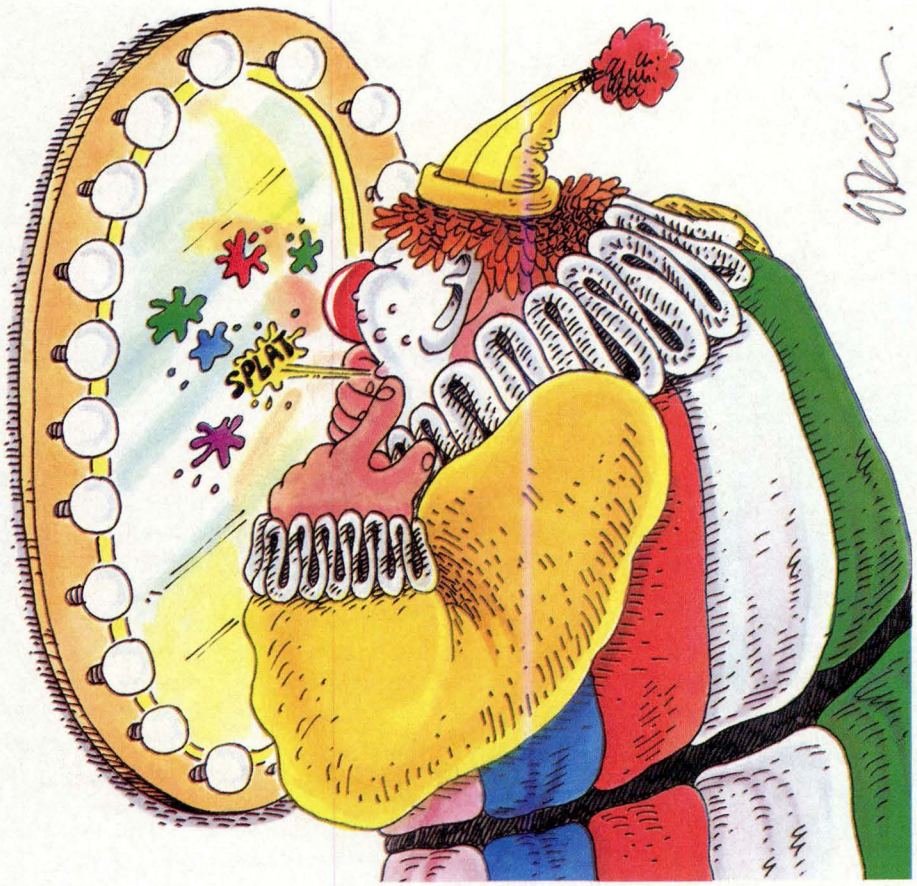
With or without the assistance of narcotics and alcohol, heavy-metallers have a way of gravitating toward uncommon experiences. W.A.S.P.'s Blackie Lawless and Motley Crue's Nikki Sixx once combined their perverse forces to frighten a drunk, loud-mouthed groupie who was getting on their nerves. They took her to Blackie's place and asked if she wanted to get laid. Despite her stoned condition, she resoundingly replied, "No!" Encouraged by the rejection, Lawless and Sixx decided to scare her shitless.

After tying the girl to a dining-room chair, Blackie left the room and returned moments later with a large, gasoline-powered chain saw. As dazed intoxication turned to shock, the teenager screamed in terror. Blackie started up the saw, the loud drone of the engine drowning out her cries.

"Gonna fuck us now, bitch?!" the two metal-men shouted, moving the deadly machine closer and closer to the girl's wide-open crotch. Just as she was about to faint, they turned off the saw. Nikki untied the girl while his buddy laughed hysterically. Short of breath and totally mortified, the girl ran out the door.

In light of such escapades, it's no wonder heavy metal is constantly under attack from more-conservative citizens. For example, Christian organizations point fingers at the pentagram symbols used by Black Sabbath and Motley Crue–along with certain "darkly" written songs by groups like Judas Priest and Iron Maiden–as undeniable evidence that Satan haunts the grooves of their records.

Right-wing TV political commentator Wally George fires a few choice words at America's impressionable youth on an album of his own, *Wal-ly, Wal-ly*: "Today's heavy-metal groups are drug



slick billion-dollar business that's getting bigger every year.

Among the many metal acts that have released gold (500,000-selling) and platinum (million-selling) LPs in the past two years are Quiet Riot, Billy Squier, Ozzy Osbourne, Twisted Sister, Ratt, Motley Crue, Ronnie James Dio, the Scorpions, Def Leppard and Van Halen. Other fast-selling discs include recent releases by Kiss, Iron Maiden, Dokken, Grim Reaper, Y&T, Krokus, Queensryche, Motorhead and W.A.S.P.

From the elaborate and expensive instrumentation and stage productions to the sexually blatant and often-perverse behavior of the band members and their hard-core female groupies, heavy metal takes it to the limit. The legendary escapades with drugs and teenage girls of the King of Rock 'n' Roll, Elvis Presley, during the '50s and '60s seem like strolls in the park compared to some of today's adventures in metal-land.

Formed in San Francisco a dozen years ago, Y&T is a well-traveled rock group whose experiences are a testament to the heathen ethic that embodies the heavy-metal "religion." First known as Yesterday and Today, the band has spent countless hours in the recording studio and hundreds of thousands of miles on the concert trail. Drummer Leonard Haze, now happily married, recalls one hot night on tour when he and fellow band member Phil Kennemore decided to raise some hell.

"We were in San Antonio, Texas. Phil picked up this chick that was on the rag, and I picked up this other chick. We took them back to our hotel room and started fucking. Phil's chick was a mess. He was wiping her blood on the walls, and it looked like someone had been murdered.

"Then I shouted, 'Switch!,' and we jumped across the room and traded. We looked like a couple of circus trapeze artists.

Motley Crue's lipstick, war paint and out-of-control hairstyles personify the foreboding look of lustful decadence that young girls find so irresistible.

"But hey, that's not the capper. Phil and I taped the girls to chairs and brought in a black roadie. One of the chicks' daddies was in the Ku Klux Klan, and she freaked when she saw this dude hanging his big black meat in her face. We said we wouldn't let her go until she gave him head. 'You ain't putting that black motherfucker in me!' she screamed.

"And I said, 'Well, sweetheart, then you're gonna sit in that chair for a long, long time.' She finally sucked his dick . . . and liked it."

* * *

It's no secret that anyone in a rock band can find sex anywhere, anytime. Wild-eyed females have been spreading their legs for musicians ever since cavemen started banging on drums. But when heavy metal is involved, sexual experiences are taken to the extreme. And there are no greater "extremists" than Los Angeles's Motley Crue.

Considered by many–including metaldom's number-one fan magazine, *Hit Parader*–as the 1980s' most popular heavy-metal band, the Crue is a magnet for raunchy, promiscuous girls, no matter where in the world its tour bus happens to stop.

Perhaps it's the group's menacing appearance that attracts the untamed female element. Their lipstick and war paint, out-of-control hairstyles, knee-high boots and shiny head-to-toe black leather and studs personify the forboding look of lustful decadence that young girls find so irresistible.

Stories of their bassist, Nikki Sixx, tying girls to trees and ramming whiskey bottles into their pussies have become leg-

impressionable "fans" who'll listen to–and snort–any line fed to them. Some of the party-hungry masses move to the upper loft, where an additional $5 is required for entry. In this seductive setting there is dancing and sometimes much, much more.

"Once I got head from a chick upstairs," a young metalman recalls. "Yeah, the bitch sucked my dick right on the dance floor. No one cared. I dug it."

Sex is readily available at the Rainbow, and not just the conventional kind. Certain patrons pride themselves on finding all manner of kink within the club's cloistered walls. "A friend of mine shit on a girl's face while she was giving him head," says Gentle Jim. "He met her here. She was cold, man. He was 69ing her, and the turd was dripping down her forehead."

Jim spends almost every night at the Rainbow, prowling the tables and halls for new skin. He claims to have picked up and screwed "dozens of chicks" here, and his matter-of-fact attitude is quite consistent with the live-and-let-fuck philosophy that permeates the world of heavy metal.

"One night I picked this chick up, took her home and started fucking her. My dick slid right in. It was beautiful. But an hour later, when I got up to take a piss, there was blood all over the place. 'Why didn't you tell me you were on the rag, bitch?' I said.

" 'Don't you know what happened, asshole?' she shot back. 'I was two months' pregnant, and you gave me a miscarriage!'

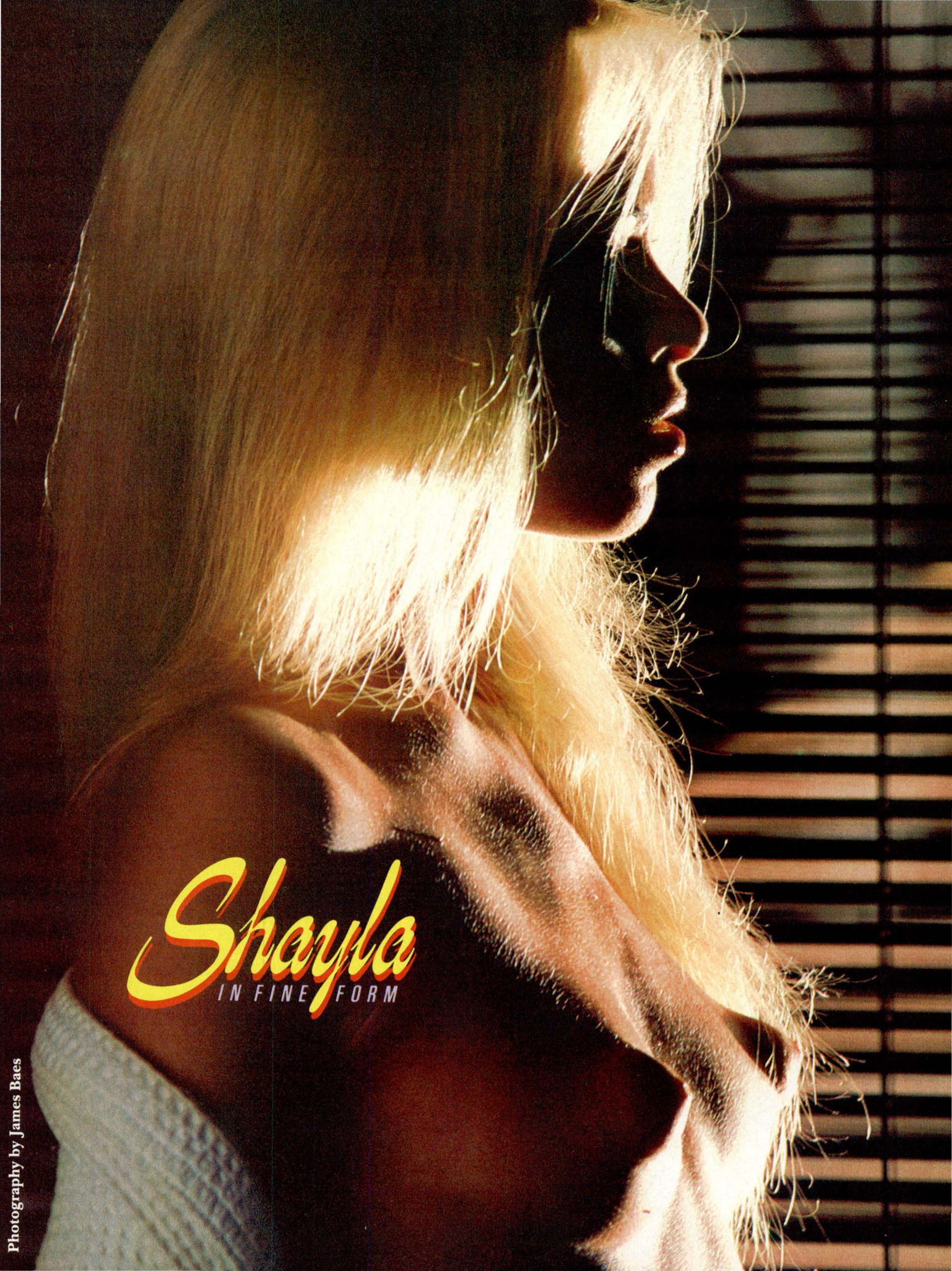
" 'Well, sweetheart, it looks like I just saved you $300 for an abortion.' I swear that's what I said to her. She freaked."

Aside from being a sleazy heavy-metal pickup spot, the Rainbow is also popular with various show-business personalities. Past patrons include the late John Belushi, actors Timothy Hutton and Jack Nicholson, actresses Britt Eklund and Candice Bergen, not to mention a Who's Who of rock 'n' roll.

"I come to the Rainbow to meet rockers," admits 20-year-old Renee. "I work at a private disco in Beverly Hills, and the people there are too straight. It's no fun. But here, wow, there's so many different kinds of people. And the guys . . . whew!"

"Yeah, the guys are hot," adds 23-year-old Bonnie, who sports a Judas Priest patch sewn carefully to the left cheek of her skintight denim jeans. "But I mostly love to watch the people here. They're so strange. I just came from the ladies' room, where this girl was snorting coke off the paper-towel dispenser. Now, *that's* the Rainbow for ya."

Around 2 a.m. the Rainbow begins to close its doors for the night. But that doesn't mean an end to the excitement. On the contrary, the parking lot now turns into an outdoor marketplace of drug- and mate-swapping. Guys and girls pair off while drivers of Mercedes-Benzes and Porsches solicit bimbos for at-home cocaine parties. The ebb and the flow continues until well after three, when those who haven't scored either go home or look for someplace else to get their late-night kicks. But there really is *no* place else.


Shayla
IN FINE FORM
Photography by James Baes

















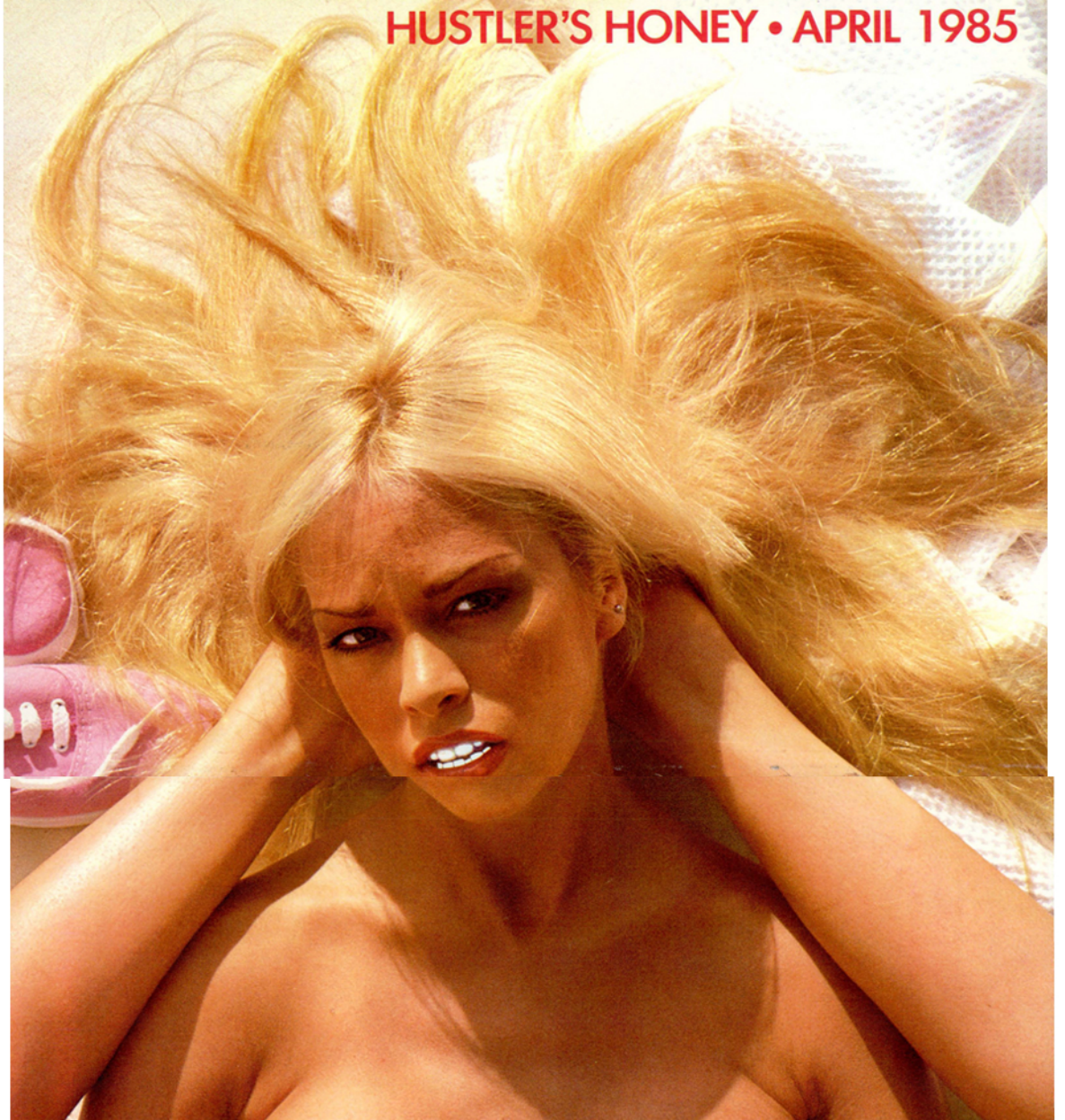








There's a good reason why fit and foxy Shayla has a figure that won't quit. A serious gymnast who hopes to compete in the 1988 Olympics, she works out thoroughly every day. "My body is my most precious possession," Shayla explains. "It's important that I keep it in the best possible condition." But her physical conditioning comes in handy in other places as well–particularly the bedroom. "I'm a real sexual athlete. I need a powerful man in bed because some of my lovers have complained that I hurt them. I don't mean to–it's just that when I'm coming, I kind of lose control. I've been known to knock men to the floor just arching my back, and once I nearly crushed some poor guy's head between my thighs!" Still, a roll in the hay with Shayla seems like a risk well worth taking. We wish her the best of luck in the Olympic trials; how can she fail to win a gold medal when she's already a perfect 10?


HUSTLER'S HONEY • APRIL 1985


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HUSTLER HUMOR

Ellsworth, a black cabbie, had been shot in the calf during an attempted robbery. An ambulance took him to a hospital emergency room, where a doctor sliced open his pants at the knee. To the physician's amazement, Ellsworth's cock stuck out one of the slits. Unable to restrain themselves, the doctor and the ambulance attendant burst out laughing.

"Go ahead and laugh, motherfuckers," Ellsworth shouted angrily, "but if you'd been shot, your prick would shrink too!"

Having caught her husband in bed with another woman, a rural housewife ran out and returned with a rifle. Aiming the weapon at the general area of her spouse's crotch, the woman announced coldly, "I'm going to turn a bull into a steer, Clem!"

"No, no!" he pleaded, jumping out of bed stark naked. "Not like this! At least give me some sort of sportin' chance, Ethel!"

"Okay," she agreed, narrowing her eyes. "You can set 'em swingin'."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines a *pile driver* as: a homosexual who likes to screw men with hemorrhoids.

Question: How do you give a leper a sex-change operation?
Answer: Just shake him.

Three young women had been arrested for streetwalking and were taken to night court. The judge demanded an explanation from the first. She told him she was a nightclub hatcheck girl who had simply been walking home. When the judge questioned the second, she gave him the same answer. Turning to the third, he said, "And I suppose you're a hatcheck girl too?"

"No, Your Honor," she confessed. "I'm just a prostitute."

Amused by her frankness, the judge asked, "Really? How's business?"

"It's been lousy," the pro retorted, "because of all these hatcheck girls hanging around."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *penis* as: the bone of contentment.

Back in the early '70s two hippies were so opposed to going to Vietnam that they had all their teeth pulled out so the Army wouldn't draft them. Soon after arriving at the induction center for their physicals, they got in line to see a medical examiner. Unfortunately, a big farmer who looked like he hadn't changed his clothes in years stepped between them.

The first hippie got to the medic and told him he had no teeth. After poking around in the young man's mouth, the medic said, "Okay, you're 4-F."

Next came the big farmer. "What's wrong with you?" the medic asked.

"I've got a bad prostate gland."

The medic stuck a finger up the farmer's ass, then said, "All right, you're 4-F."

The second hippie came up and stared at the medic's shitty, foul-smelling digit. "Well," the examiner asked, "what's wrong with you?"

"Nothing," the hippie replied. "Absolutely nothing."

Question: Why does it take seven people to give a Swede a shower?
Answer: Because it takes three to hold him down and four to spit on him.

After temple services one evening two Jewish movie producers went to the men's room together. While standing next to each other at the urinals, one asked if old Rabbi Rabinowitz had performed the other fellow's circumcision.

"Why, yes," his associate replied. "How in the world did you know?"

"That's easy," answered the first producer. "He cuts at an angle . . . and you're pissing on my shoes!"

Question: Where can you buy panties made out of fertilizer bags and bras made out of beer cans?
Answer: Frederick's of Kentucky.

Jimmy came home very late in the afternoon, and when asked by his mother where he had been all day, he replied, "I've been fucking Susie and eating peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches."

Jimmy's mother was shocked and immediately sent the boy to his room. When Dad came home, he asked where Jimmy was. After she told him what their son had done, the father grabbed an iron skillet and exclaimed, "Why, that little bastard!"

"You're not going to hit that boy with a skillet?" his wife asked anxiously.

"Hit him, hell! I'm going to fry him a steak. He can't fuck all day on peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" × 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry–we cannot return submissions.

Chester the Molester



"I only paint what I feel!"

FALWELL VS. FLYNT

Strong Reaction From the Nation's Press

For six days early last December the federal courthouse in Roanoke, Virginia, was the setting for one of the most critical tests of First Amendment rights in years. On one side of a second-floor courtroom, looking older and jowlier minus his TV makeup, sat the righteous Reverend Jerry Falwell–plaintiff in a $45-million lawsuit which charged that he had been the victim of libel, invasion of privacy and "intentional infliction of emotional distress."

What prompted the suit was a HUSTLER parody of the sexually suggestive Campari advertising campaign that features celebrities talking about the first time they drank the popular liqueur. "My first time was in an outhouse outside Lynchburg, Virginia," read the satirical HUSTLER copy attributed to Falwell. "I never really expected to make it with Mom, but then after she showed all the other guys in town such a good time, I figured, 'What the hell!' . . . We were drunk off our God-fearing asses on Campari, ginger ale and soda. . . . And Mom looked better than a Baptist whore with a $100 donation."

The language and absurd context made it obvious that nobody could take such dialogue as statements of fact. The tongue-in-cheek satire was also labeled, "Ad Parody–Not to Be Taken Seriously."



Mr. Morality used this parody to raise $800,000.

One of the defendants in this landmark trial was Larry Flynt, Editor and Publisher of HUSTLER–a magazine that is equally proud of its reputation for printing irreverent satire and uncompromising photos of beautiful women. Many speculated that if the parody had been printed anywhere but in HUSTLER, the case would never have made it before the eight-woman, four-man jury that convened just 52 miles from Falwell's home base of Lynchburg.

It came as no surprise that Falwell, who raised a reported $800,000 on behalf of the *Old Time Gospel Hour* and the Moral Majority by assailing HUSTLER on TV and in direct-mail solicitations, would milk the proceedings for all they were worth. "I think I have never been as angry as I was at that moment," the evangelist said, recalling the first time he saw the parody. "In all my life I had never believed human beings could do something like this. . . . I really felt like weeping. . . . I really think at that moment if Larry Flynt had been nearby, I might have reacted physically. My wife and I personally financed this prosecution."

"This is a case of censorship–not libel," Flynt argued. "When we ran that ad parody, I never dreamed that we'd get sued. HUSTLER is a human satire magazine as much as it is a sex publication. It's obvious that the parody is not serious. This is simply an effort by Jerry Falwell to make a name for himself and at the same time put HUSTLER out of business."

The day before Flynt took the stand, he predicted, "There's no way the jury will vote for the pornographer over the preacher." He was right. After hearing six days of testimony, U.S. District Court Judge James Turk ruled that the Campari satire did not invade Falwell's privacy. But he let the jury determine whether it libeled the evangelist and whether Flynt had intentionally inflicted emotional distress on him.

On December 8 the panel concluded that Falwell had not been libeled. But shockingly, it still awarded him $200,000 in damages–finding that he had been the victim of intentional emotional distress.

"The main issue was libel," explained Arthur Strickland, one of Flynt's attorneys. "The First Amendment was preserved, and the people of Roanoke can be proud."

Falwell saw it differently: "This ruling by the jury shows that Mr. Flynt cannot prostitute the First Amendment."

"Hell, I consider it a victory," Flynt insisted. "The fact that they awarded him anything is bothersome to me. But the verdict is very encouraging for the First Amendment and freedom of expression in this country. It's a sure winner on appeal."

And clearly it was Flynt–not Falwell–who was the winner in media reaction, a sampling of which follows:

"If I had known it would come to this–defending a porn king–I might have gone into another line of work. . . . My parents did not raise me to truck with the Larry Flynts of this world, even when they are wrapped in plain brown paper.

"There is nothing that strokes the massive ego of the publisher of HUSTLER Magazine more than when his enemies come to his defense. The only thing that would make him happier would be if they posed for the centerfold. . . .

"Excuse me while I wash my hands, Larry Flynt was done wrong by a Virginia jury.

"It appears that the jury simply couldn't stand letting HUSTLER off the hook. Larry Flynt, innocent? Surely the man down on the raunch should pay for his sleaze; so the jury concocted a way. The split decision was a bit like finding someone innocent of charges but sending him to jail anyway because he was, in general, a 'guilty' sort of disreputable creep.

"If this decision stands (it is being appealed), any satirist or would-be humorist had better watch out for nastiness. Goodbye, *Saturday Night Live*. Hello, pabulum.

"The very point of satire is to draw blood. As Harvard Law Professor Alan Dershowitz attests, 'Under the First Amendment you are allowed to inflict emotional damage on people.' Where would the editorial cartoonist be without malice aforethought?

"Jerry Falwell is not very high on my political dance card. But I don't think he is so thin-skinned that he retreated to his bedroom with vapors when someone showed him the magazine.

"Falwell's feelings are actually irrelevant to this case. The jury ruled that nobody could take the parody seriously, and then awarded Falwell $200,000 because he was hurt seriously. You can't have it both ways. If it's not libel, HUSTLER wasn't liable.

"Larry Flynt is tasteless and humorless, sleazy and slimy, but he's on the right side in this case. If he sends me a thank-you note, my mother will wonder where she went wrong."

–Ellen Goodman, *Boston Globe*



The Falwell 5 pose for their 1984 Christmas card. Jerry's the one with the $200,000 grin.

"Larry Flynt publishes trash. And the 'ad' in HUSTLER Magazine that he concocted to ridicule Jerry Falwell, suggesting that the Moral Majority leader committed incest and drunkenness, was as trashy as anything he has put out. . . .

"According to legal experts, never before has a defendant been cleared of libel yet still assessed damages for intentionally causing emotional distress. . . . Flynt's attorneys say they will appeal the ruling. But if it stands, it poses a serious threat to the media and to the American people. . . . Indeed, political cartoonists in general might have to put away their pens, or at least adopt a tamer style, if public figures are allowed to use the emotional-distress avenue as a way of going after the media.

"There's no good reason for offering prominent people this kind of easy protection from harsh commentary. Harry S. Truman might have laughed at the thought. Someone who has entered the kitchen of public life has to be able to put up with the swelter. To try to use the law in this way to turn down the thermostat goes against at least the spirit of the First Amendment. . . .

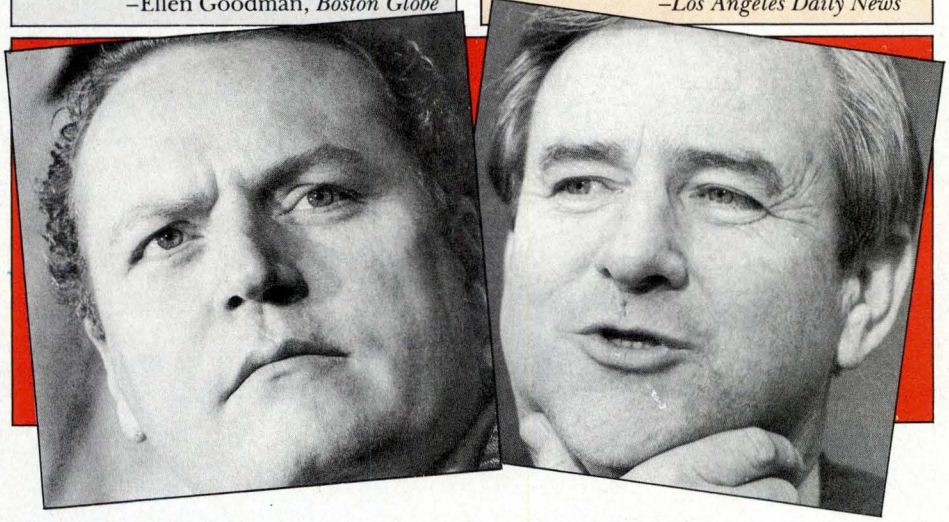
"The American people deserve their political commentary unchilled."

–*Los Angeles Daily News*

"Until now the emotional-distress argument has been successfully used mainly by individuals seeking redress against such pests as harassing bill collectors and malicious pranksters; one case, for example, involved a cruel joker who falsely spread the rumor that a woman's son had hanged himself. Constitutional experts warn that its use by public figures against the press could erode First Amendment protections by circumventing the rigorous standards of proof for libel. New York attorney Floyd Abrams believes the verdict will be reversed but, if not, it could encourage 'an end run around Constitutional protections for people who want to bring libel suits, but know they can't win.'

"The law that deals with emotional suffering is far looser than that governing libel. In general, all that is required is that the offending act be intentional, outrageous and inflict serious emotional damage. By those measures, many political satires and cartoons could be targets. Declares Arthur Strickland, one of Flynt's attorneys: 'Reagan could sue Art Buchwald. George Bush could sue Garry Trudeau. Bush could say, "Whenever I read *Doonesbury*, I'm a basket case for the rest of the day," and have a cause of action. Where does it stop?'"

–*Time* magazine



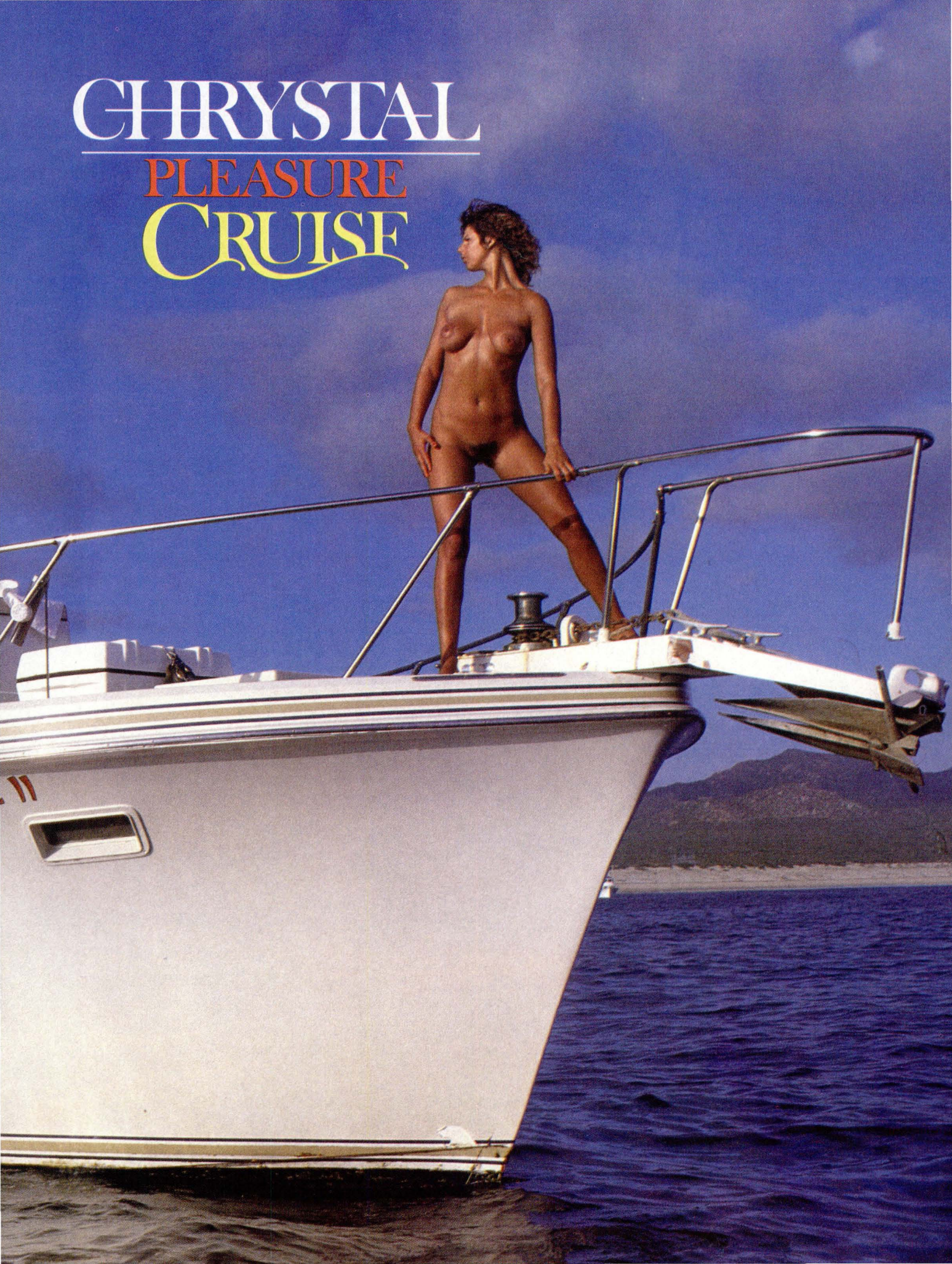
"In [the late Supreme Court Justice] Felix Frankfurter's words, sometimes the preservation of freedom requires the defense of the rights of 'not very attractive people.' Larry Flynt, publisher of the pornographic magazine HUSTLER, easily fits that category.

"Flynt has just emerged as the loser in what is the first phase of a legal tussle with the redoubtable evangelist Jerry Falwell. . . . The implications of the jury's inconsistent decision are obvious.

(continued on page 135)



Photography by Clive McLean


CHRYSTAL
PLEASURE
CRUISE









"Money can be *such* a drag!" sighs delectable Chrystal. Cavorting aboard her father's luxury yacht, it would seem that wealth agrees with her. But the horny heiress claims that sometimes it's more trouble than it's worth. "I can never tell if a man is interested in me or my bank account," she explains. "I've found my best lovers by going out in disguise. I hit the local bars wearing jeans and a T-shirt. That way I know the guys who pick me up are after only one thing–sex!"











"I'll never forget the auto mechanic I met one night. He practically fucked my brains out in the backseat of his Chevy. After he ate my pussy like an expert, I couldn't resist bringing him back to the mansion. Luckily, Mum and Daddy were out of town. *That* really blew his mind–he thought I was a waitress! We ended the evening by going at each other on my king-size waterbed." Fortune hunters take note–Chrystal is a real treasure.



ROCK'S OUTER LIMITS *(continued from page 60)*

"In school," says Lita Ford, "I . . . walked around like my shit didn't stink. I was born to play heavy metal."

promise on the fact that we stand up for Jesus; we don't compromise on the fact that we're a rock 'n' roll group; we do not come in unprofessional for Jesus." In other words, Stryper believes in its music and wants its audiences to believe in it too.

Onstage, Sweet is light-years away from metal madmen such as Ozzy Osbourne and Van Halen's David Lee Roth. His movements are unthreatening, unsexual and good-natured. Real heavy-metal types consider the whole idea ridiculous.

"Singing about Jesus and trying to push that kind of stuff on you . . . that's a little much," says Grim Reaper's Nick Bowcott. "Heavy metal is entertainment–that's as far as it goes. It's not religion."

Try telling that to Stryper's drummer, Robert Sweet. "Jesus is a lot better than rebellion, hate, death and Satan," he insists.

* * *

The Country Club in Reseda, California (an L.A. suburb), is not the huge auditorium or outdoor stadium that groups like Iron Maiden, Judas Priest or Def Leppard are accustomed to. For Wendy O. Williams, however, the 1,000-seat nightclub was an important stop on her recent American tour. Having sacrificed her punk mohawk haircut and revealing stage outfit for a less-flashy but more-metal look, Williams is one of the few women around who dare to perform hard-core, head-banging heavy-metal rock 'n' roll. In a world dominated by men, she is equal to the task.

"I'm the kind of person who doesn't live in the past," Wendy O. says, referring to her former concert days, when blowing up an automobile or buzz-sawing a television set in half was typically part of the act. "I've got the best heavy-metal band in the world. I still talk dirty. I bump-and-grind better than any chick in this business. Fuck, I'm having a good time."

Williams receives a frantic, maniacal and blatantly sexual response from her live audiences. At a recent sold-out gig at Brooklyn's L'Amour–*the* heavy-metal showplace on the East Coast–she wheeled into a modified version of her single "Rock 'n' Roll," changing the lyrics to "Fuck 'n' Roll" and taunting the screaming kids to shout "Fuck" at her again and again. Like a seasoned whore, she teased her 1,500 mesmerized "tricks," repeatedly soliciting the words she wanted to hear.



Clearly, Wendy O. Williams has lived the kind of sleazy life familiar to practitioners of heavy metal. For starters, she once did live-sex shows in New York's Times Square area. And when she finally made it big with her old band, the Plasmatics, she was busted on a number of occasions for obscenity.

"I have to get off every day," Williams exclaims, speaking both sexually and figuratively with regard to her music. "I'm an adrenaline freak, and nothing gets me wetter faster than good, hard heavy metal. I want to be known as the heaviest woman singer in heavy-metal rock. And I will be! Because there's nobody doing what I'm doing."

Lita Ford and Joan Jett–former members of the mid-'70s all-girl teenage rock quartet the Runaways–may beg to differ with wild Wendy O. Both artists have commanded great respect and popularity throughout the metal world. They've achieved that fame by living and portraying the bad-girl image to the hilt.

"When I was in school, I was *really* bad," says the platinum-haired Ford. "I was kicked out of everything and walked around like my shit didn't stink. I guess I was born to play heavy metal."

Far more commercially successful than her former bandmate, Joan Jett mirrors Ford in her attitudes toward life and rock 'n' roll. She's a tough chick who plays hard-driving guitar and writes hard-assed songs. Her current LP, *Glorious Results of a Misspent Youth*, proclaims the same sentiments of rebellion and sexual satisfaction as Ford's *Dancin' on the Edge* album. And unlike pop-music femme fatales such as Madonna and Laura Branigan, there is no effort to be feminine or seductive. Onstage, Jett and Ford perform with a power ignorant of gender. They are serious musicians, and the music is down-and-dirty heavy metal.

England's Rock Goddess is another example of women struggling with men for the metal spotlight. But this all-girl band wants to keep its female image *and* bang out thrashing melodies like the guys do.

"We want to look feminine," says 20-year-old lead guitarist Jody Turner, "but still maintain the aggression that this music demands. We're proud of being female, and we're finding that we get the same respect the boys get."

The phenomenal success of TV music videos has been a major factor in the march of heavy metal to mainstream popularity. Groups like Twisted Sister and Ratt actually owe a great deal to MTV and



"Oh, Jody, it's so long and thick!"

ROCK'S OUTER LIMITS *(continued from page 86)*

Cable's MTV objected to a Black Sabbath video in which a scar-faced intruder takes liberties with a chicken.

other cable networks for providing exposure they may not have gotten on conventional radio or television stations.

Ratt's video "Round and Round," which featured a cameo appearance by legendary funnyman Milton Berle, brought the band national attention and presented heavy metal with a new sense of humor. The same was true for Twisted Sister's "We're Not Gonna Take It," as well as Quiet Riot's "Cum On Feel the Noize" and its follow-up, "Metal Health (Bang Your Head)." All these clips were off-the-wall expressions of lunacy, minus the harrowing sadomasochistic undertones of pre-video heavy metal.

That's not to say, however, that the menacing images of true hard-core heavy metal are absent from video. On the contrary, metal has caused more headaches for MTV's censors than they care to admit.

"The violence, the sexual innuendo, is obvious," observes William King, professor of educational media at Miami University. "But it's not being looked at and analyzed in any way. It's just being absorbed."

Dr. Jerome Singer, professor of psychology at Yale University, elaborates: "There seems to be a great deal of depiction of violent activity or sadomasochistic activity in the background [of the videos]. It presents an unfortunate image for the kids because it's repeated over and over again. I think it gives them a false view of the world."

"I don't think it really affects them," argues singer Ronnie James Dio, former vocalist with Black Sabbath and Rainbow. "I don't think the kind of music we're making causes [young people] to go out and be violent or even makes them think about social change. [Heavy metal] isn't social-change music."

Although there's no direct evidence linking criminal acts to heavy-metal videos, the National Coalition on Television Violence recently monitored MTV and Atlanta superstation WTBS's *Night Tracks* and detected an average of 17.9 violent acts per hour.

"It's shocking to see this subculture of hate and violence becoming a fast-growing part of rock music for the young," says Dr. Thomas Radecki, chairman of this self-styled group of censors. (Not surprisingly, Radecki was HUSTLER's October '84 Asshole of the Month.) The coalition also maintains that nearly 50% of the MTV clips that it monitored–and nearly all those that contained metal music–featured or strongly suggested violence, most of which was sexual in nature and directed toward women.

One video that particularly upset MTV itself–so much so that several essential sequences were deleted before it could be aired–was Black Sabbath's "Trashed." MTV objected to a scene with three bare-assed nurses hovering over a fallen man, and another in which a scar-faced intruder takes liberties with a chicken.

What it all comes down to is a matter of perspective. Some individuals will view Van Halen's "Hot for Teacher" video as immoral, violent, even perverse–criticizing it for showing a number of shapely, scantily clad girls shaking their tits in front of a classroom filled with grade-school children. Others will find it amusing, comical, even mildly arousing.

Whether it be on video, record, in live performance or at an after-concert party, the degenerate aspect of heavy-metal rock is sure to create even more controversy. As ball-and-chain-wielding Blackie Lawless once said, "Rock 'n' roll should make you want to fuck. If it doesn't make you want to fuck, it's not rock 'n' roll."

The author of this article is HUSTLER Senior Editor Lonn M. Friend, who came to us three years ago by way of Gambling Times. A long-time purveyor of rock depravity, he formerly edited our Erotic Entertainment and Bits and Pieces sections.

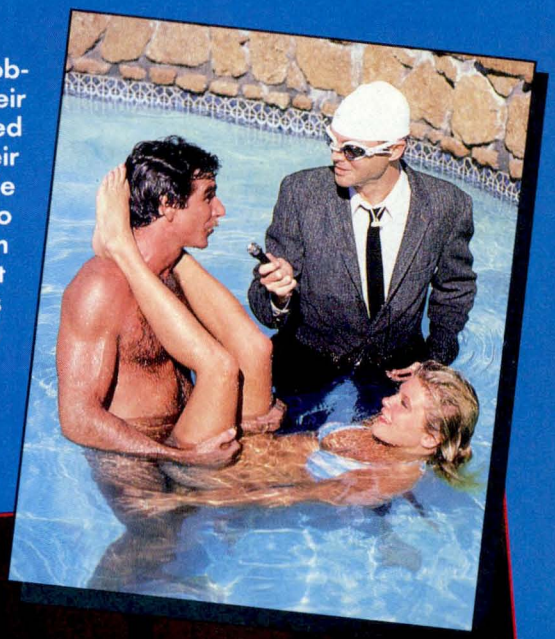


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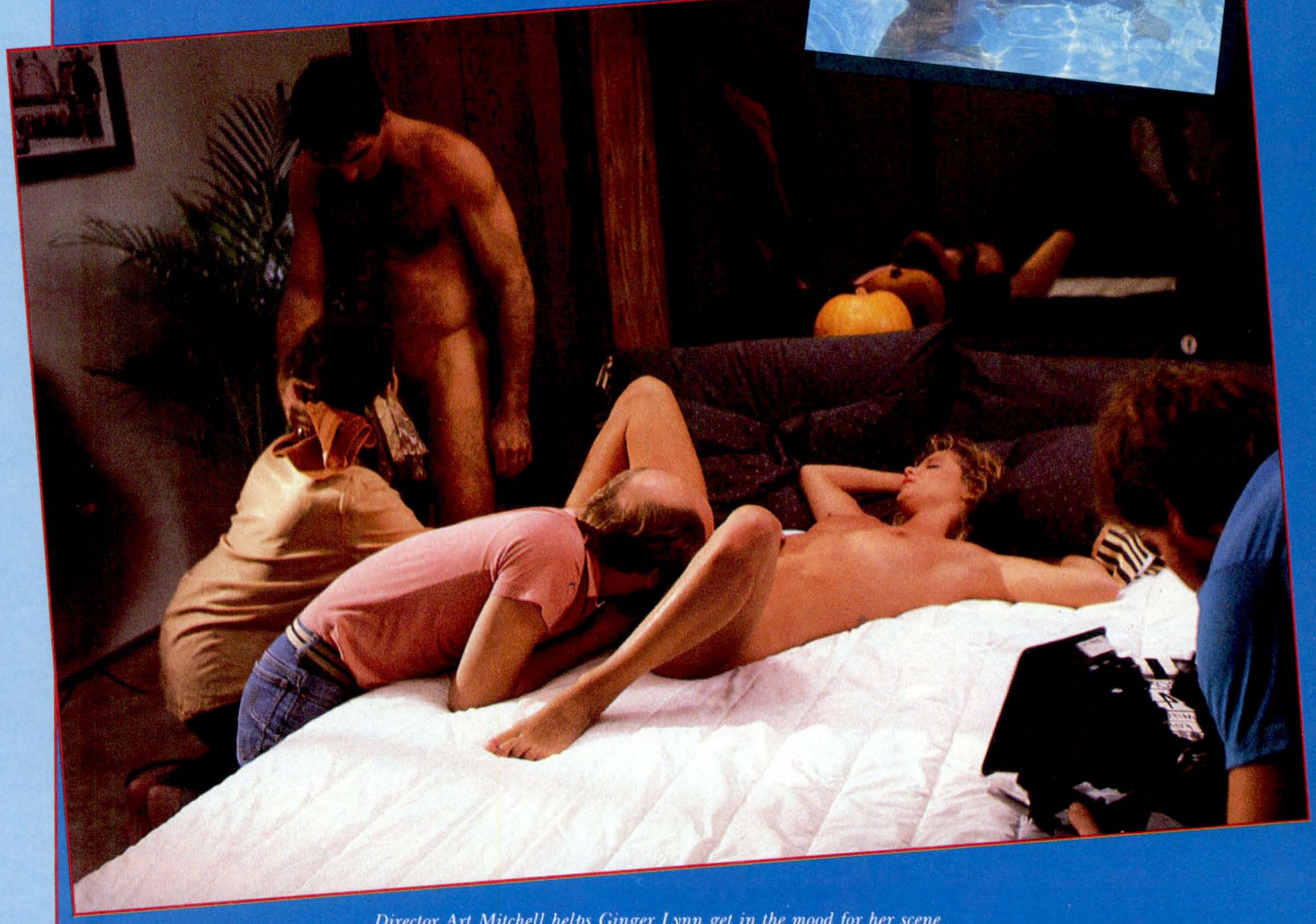
SNEAK PREVIEW

Behind the Scenes at a Sizzling New Porn Flick

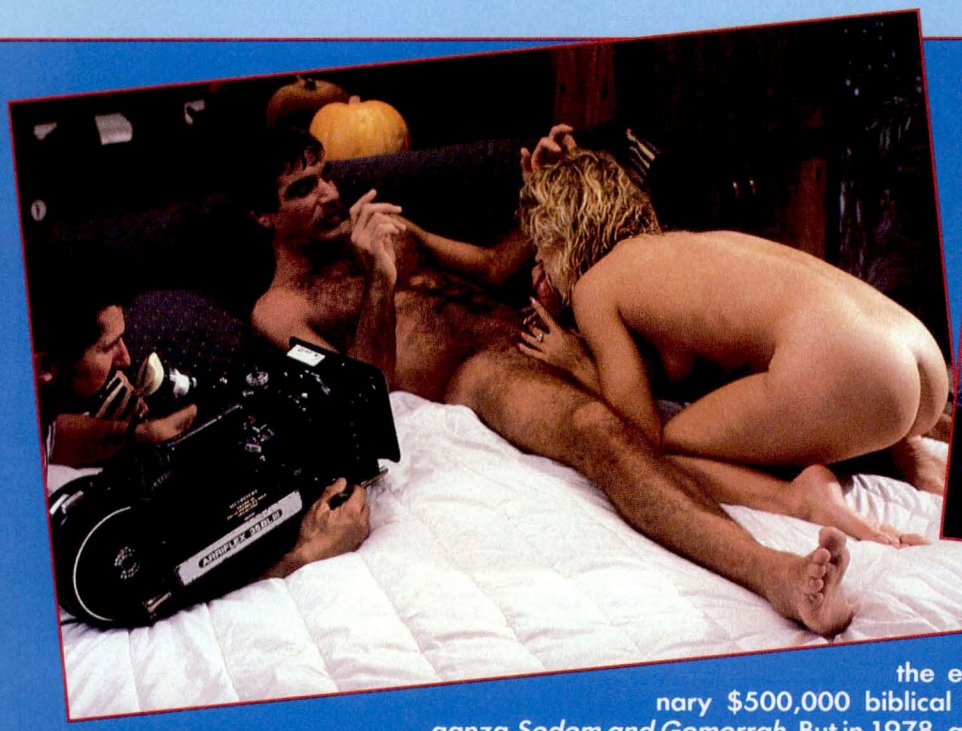


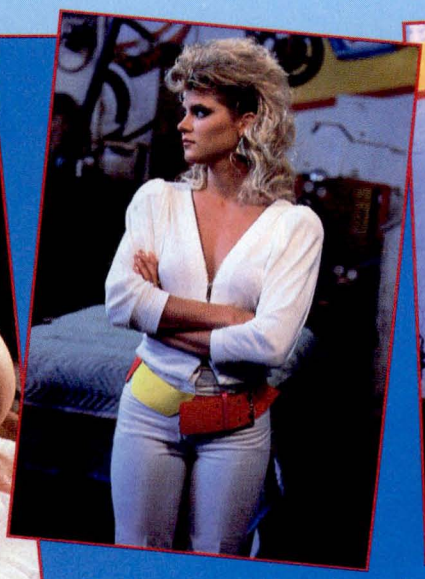
Between fighting a barrage of charges that their films are obscene and dealing with constant vice-squad harassment at their live-sex theater in San Francisco, hardly a moment has passed that Art and Jim Mitchell haven't been in legal hot water. Their courtroom battles and First Amendment victories have made them almost as famous as their innovative contributions to X-rated fare. The ballsy brothers have never backed down from a battle. In fact, they seem to have sought the limelight ever since being the first porn producers to put their real names on their movies–something many in today's industry are still afraid to do.

Artistically, the Mitchells have given us such classics as *Behind the Green Door*–an imaginative, throbbingly erotic motion picture that made Marilyn Chambers a household name; *The Resurrection of Eve; The Autobiography of a Flea;* and



Director Art Mitchell helps Ginger Lynn get in the mood for her scene with Harry Reems–who also gets a warm-up; aquatic Entertainment Editor Doug Oliver (upper right) gets pointers from Harry and Ginger.







Realizing that practice makes perfect, Reems and Ginger Lynn (far left) rehearse a scene before the camera rolls; Lynn, dressed to thrill

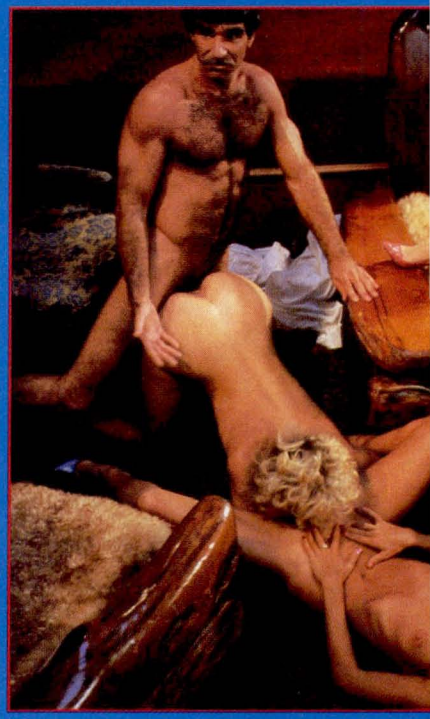
the extraordinary $500,000 biblical extravaganza *Sodom and Gomorrah*. But in 1978, after completing more than 300 productions, the brothers abruptly stopped making films. Perhaps they retreated because, as Art Mitchell says, "You grind 'em out; you bankrupt your ideas." No matter. The big news is that hard-core's good ol' boys are once again behind the camera.

Their kinky comeback is a love story called *The Grafenburg Spot*, which refers to a recently discovered area in the vagina that–when stimulated–causes women to ejaculate. In true Mitchell Brothers tradition the picture offers the hottest female stars–including Ginger Lynn, Tracie Lords, Amber Lynn and Annette Haven–and an astonishing variety of sex. Sensing a story and a chance to rub elbows (as well as other parts of his anatomy) with angelic Ginger Lynn–the hottest bimbo in porn–HUSTLER Entertainment Editor Doug Oliver waded right into the thick of the action to bring you a behind-the-scenes look at the Mitchell Brothers' first feature in seven years.

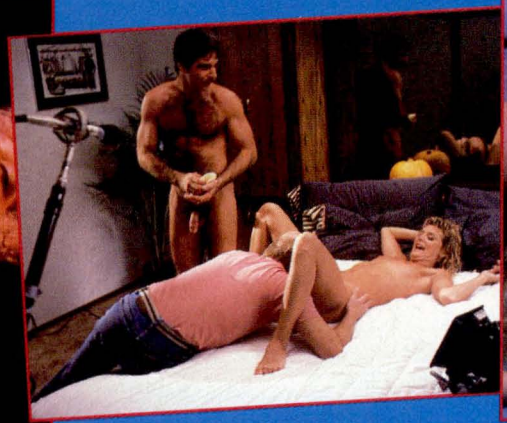
Although *The Grafenburg Spot* is now being released nationwide, the Mitchells–noting the shrinking theater audience and the expanding home-video

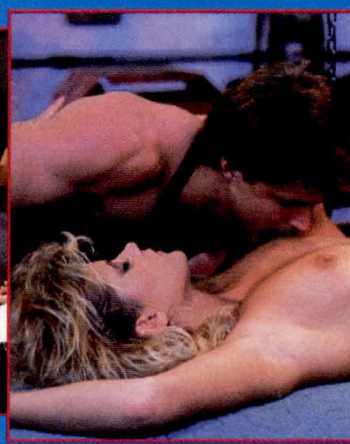


Porn's hottest newcomer, Tracie Lords, adds her bounteous talents to the film.



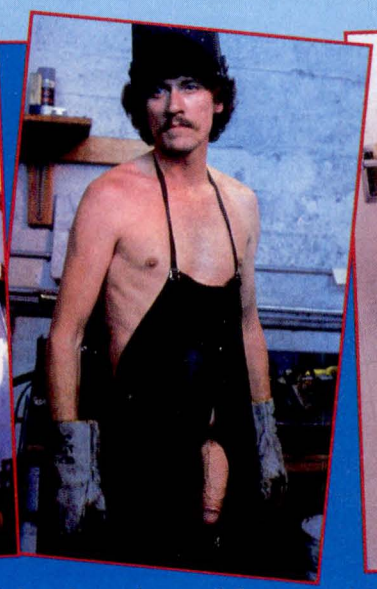




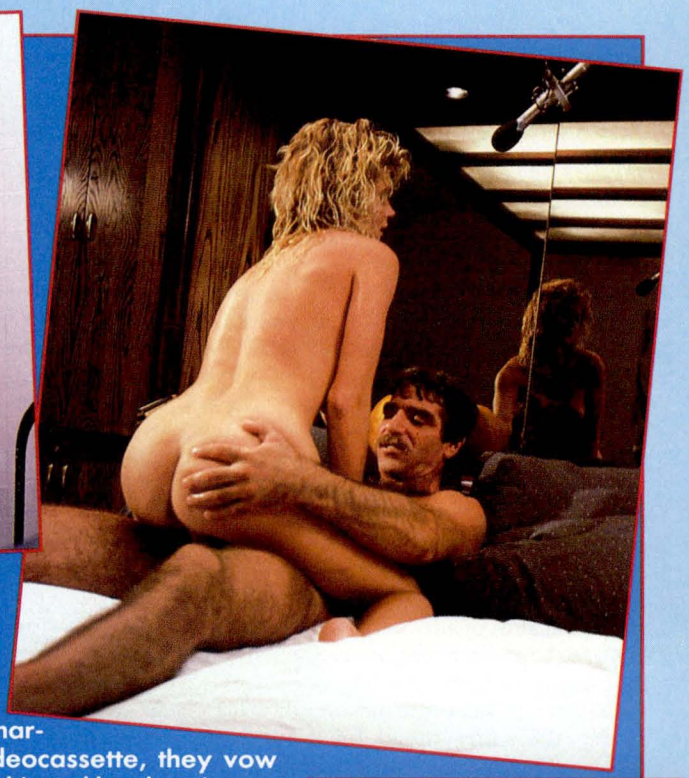


Two of the "World-Famous Ultralettes" (far left) take time out from performing at the Mitchells' O'Farrell Theatre to be in the movie; between takes, Art Mitchell (left) demonstrates a slick move for Reems; in Ginger's









(left); Lynn lowers the poon (left center) on John Holmes who (right center) portrays a macho welder in her fantasy; Reems and Lynn share one of the film's many wet moments (right), then do a run-through for the microphone (far right).

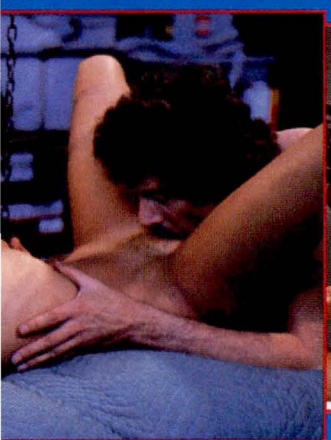


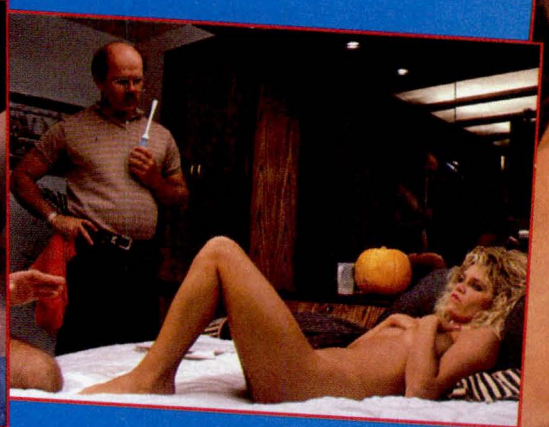
market–are undecided about how to handle future productions. But even if they opt for marketing films exclusively on videocassette, they vow never to sacrifice the quality achieved by shooting on film in favor of less costly videotape–as many other filmmakers are doing. "I've never seen a bad video package, I've never seen a bad video advertising brochure, and I've never seen a *good* shot-on-video feature," sneers Art Mitchell.

The brothers give the impression that one of the reasons they're back is to show everyone how fuck films ought to be made. "We see everything," says Jim, "and too many filmmakers seem to have lost sight of what they're doing." As an example he mentions a recently heralded adult flick and exclaims, "It has great sets, beautiful costumes–no fucking sex, and it's a two-hour movie! In our film *every scene* starts out with sex!"

That sounds like a tall order, but it's one that porn's most notorious and flamboyant mavericks have no trouble filling.









fantasy (center) she gets worked over by two welders; co-director Jim Mitchell (right) readies himself to fill Ginger for a big gusher–her G-spot orgasm; Reems hits pay dirt (far right) and gets a faceful of Amber Lynn.

"Sexual activity is the most ready way to silence the inner dread of death and . . . to triumph over it."

to add that a certain high-ranking military officer in World War I used to masturbate "while observing a military encounter through field glasses." It's an established historical fact that during the battle of Abensberg, Napoleon had intercourse with a woman brought to his tent. Why is it, then, that some men and women are sexually aroused in dangerous situations?

Broyles claims that the "intensity that war brings to sex, the 'let us love now because there may be no tomorrow,' is based on death. No matter what our weapons on the battlefield, love is finally our only weapon against death. Sex is the weapon of life." Perhaps sex is just an instinctual way for humans to fight their fear of dying.

"Sexual activity is the most ready way to silence the inner dread of death and, through the symbol of procreation, to triumph over it," says Rollo May in *Love and Will*. Scientists and psychologists have even more concrete ideas on the subject.

John P. Wincze, chief psychologist at the Veterans Administration Hospital in Providence, Rhode Island, found that fear and anxiety contribute to sexual arousal. He came to this conclusion after conducting an experiment in which subjects watched either a videotape of a grisly car accident or scenes from an Alfred Hitchcock thriller. Immediately afterward they were shown hard-core adult films. Meanwhile, other subjects viewed a relatively tame movie first and then the X-rated stuff. The first group found pornography more stimulating.

Wincze claims that "the anxiety film may be acting as sort of a primer—your heart is racing, your blood pressure is up, which is exactly what happens during sexual arousal."

Recent studies by psychologist Donald G. Dutton and Arthur P. Aron have also discovered a close link between sexual arousal and fear or danger. In an article presented to the *Journal of Personality and Social Psychology* they outlined an experiment in which they compared the reactions of young men crossing two bridges in North Vancouver, British Columbia. The Capilano Canyon Suspension Bridge –constructed of wooden planks attached to wire cables–was chosen for fear-inducing qualities such as a tendency to tilt, sway and wobble, low wire-cable handrails and a 230-foot drop to rocks and shallow rapids below. The second span–wider and firmer than the first and constructed of heavy cedar–did not tilt or sway, had high handrails and was only ten feet above a small, shallow rivulet.

As each young man crossed either the first or second bridge, an interviewer would approach him, explain that he or she was conducting a psychology-class project and ask him to write a brief story based on a picture of a young woman. Later, impartial judges scored each narration for sexual imagery on a scale of 1 to 5. For example, a story mentioning sexual intercourse received 5 points, while reference to "girlfriend" received a score of 2.

The results showed that men interviewed by a woman on the anxiety-producing bridge scored higher than those queried by a woman on the solid one. Men interviewed by another man scored lower than if questioned by a woman on either bridge.

The psychologists believe that these results reveal a relationship between sexual excitement and danger. They contend that the men interviewed while crossing the suspension bridge were anxious and fearful, but when an attractive woman was present, they interpreted these feelings as sexual arousal.

A second experiment conducted by the same psychologists further supports this link between sexuality and fear or danger. Subjects were asked to enter a room containing an array of electrical equipment and several photocopied articles on learning and pain. A psychologist and an attractive female confederate then entered the room and explained that the study involved the effects of electrical shock on learning. The subject was told that he'd receive either a strong, painful shock or a weak, pleasurable one.

At this point the psychologist asked the subject to fill out a questionnaire while he set up the electrical equipment. The queries would assess the subject's attraction to the woman interviewer and request a brief story based on the same picture used in the bridge experiment. As before, the accounts were then scored based on sexual content.

This time the subjects expecting a painful shock felt a much greater attraction to the female than those anticipating a mild tingle. This led Dutton and Aron to conclude that sexual arousal and attraction increase when fear and anxiety are present.

But before you entice your mate to the roof of a building for some heightened sexual bliss or go chaining yourself to the front of a departing 747 for some added sexual excitement, listen to the experts: Dangerous sex can kill you!



"Do I think women are equal? Yeah, I suppose all pussies feel pretty much the same to me!"

DIAL-A-STUD



BY MARCELLA WILSON

Kinky Korner is written by our readers–one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER will pay $250 on publication for seven-page, double-spaced–typed or neatly handwritten–manuscripts. And please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

I work as an office manager for an investment firm. That may sound kind of stuffy, but the other employees are friendly and fun to work with. In fact, the secretaries love to play practical jokes.

During a coffee break one morning I passed a group of them laughing. One of the girls grabbed my arm and said eagerly, "Marcella, there's a call for you . . . take it on this line."

The others looked on as I placed the phone to my ear. I didn't recognize the male voice, and I couldn't believe what he was saying. In a low, husky tone he whispered, "You're the actress, and I'm your leading man. Would you like to get a better look at my body? Here, I'll pull off my shirt so you can see my smooth, muscular chest. . . . Now I'll take off my pants. Oh, sorry, I forgot. I'm not wearing any underwear. . . . Do you like what you see? The cheeks of my ass are taut, and my big cock is getting hard now. . . ."

As he continued to talk, detailing the erotic things he was "doing" to me, I listened in embarrassed silence. I could feel a blush rising to my face. The caller "climaxed" with a description of the mutual orgasm we had just enjoyed together. Finally, he said, "This message is changed daily. Call back after six for the real thing. I'll be waiting, baby."

I had been listening to a recording! I slammed down the phone as my co-workers burst into hysterical laughter. I was filled with conflicting emotions–angry at the girls for making me the butt of their prank, but mostly flustered by the surprisingly lusty feelings the call had stirred up in me.

The rest of the day I accomplished very little. That strong masculine voice kept running through my head, tempting me, urging me on with its lewd suggestions. I asked my secretary what I had been listening to that morning. Giggling, she brought me a nudie magazine that featured pictures of men and showed me an ad in the back pages for Tommy Touch-Tone's phone-sex service. I borrowed the magazine for a little while and jotted down the number before returning it.

It was 4:30 when I called the taped message. Though I had heard it all before, my body began to tingle at the sound of Tommy's sexy voice, and I could feel a familiar heat building between my legs as the recording again urged me to "call back after six for the real thing." As it got closer to that time, I paced around my desk, nervous and excited. Finally, the magic hour arrived. I kicked off my shoes, settled back in my chair and dialed the number.

"Hello, baby," he said. "Do you have a credit card?"

I was caught off guard by the businesslike question. "Oh, uh, of course I do–" I stammered. "But why?"

"To pay for your call," he said "Something this good never comes cheap. Just tell me the card number and expiration date. It'll cost you 30 bucks–the best money you've ever spent. I guarantee it, doll."

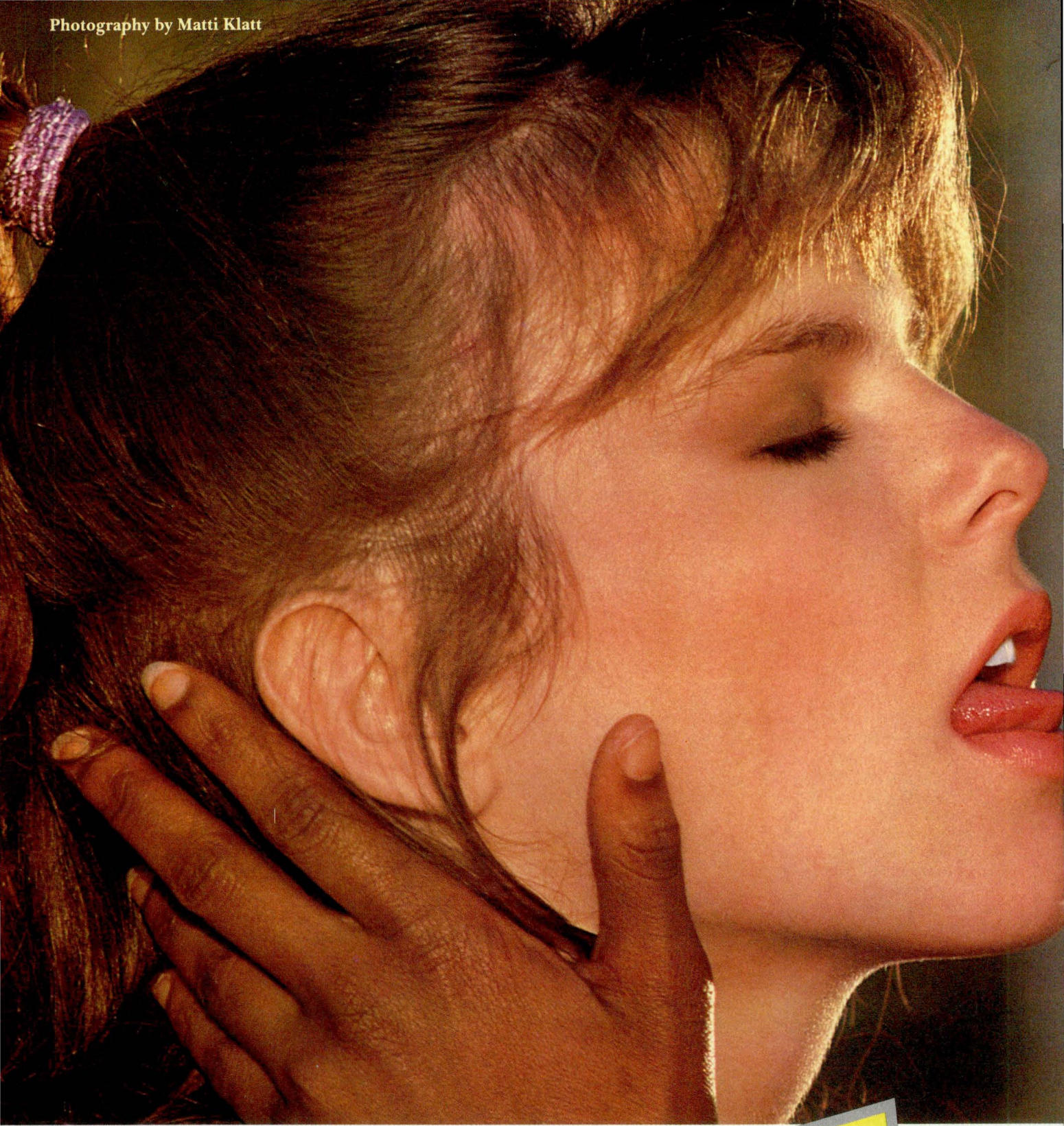
I emptied my purse on the desk in my rush to find a credit card. "Now that that's out of the way," he said after I'd given him the information, "we can begin to enjoy each other."

In a low, seductive voice he painted a verbal portrait of himself: his wavy blond hair, chiseled features and the tanned and muscular body of a surfer. My fingers went to work on my clit and pussy as he described his long, thick cock and big, almost-hairless balls. In loving detail he told me just how he would lick my pussy and how it would feel to have his penis inside me. By

(continued on page 104)

Illustration by Jeani Brunnick

Photography by Matti Klatt





EVE



EBONY

MIXED DOUBLES





Tennis is fine exercise, but these young lovelies have a more satisfying workout in mind. Luscious Eve can't wait for the match to end so she can jump the net—and her dark-skinned partner. Ebony succumbs at once to the beauty's caresses and later responds with a volley of her own tongue thrusts.





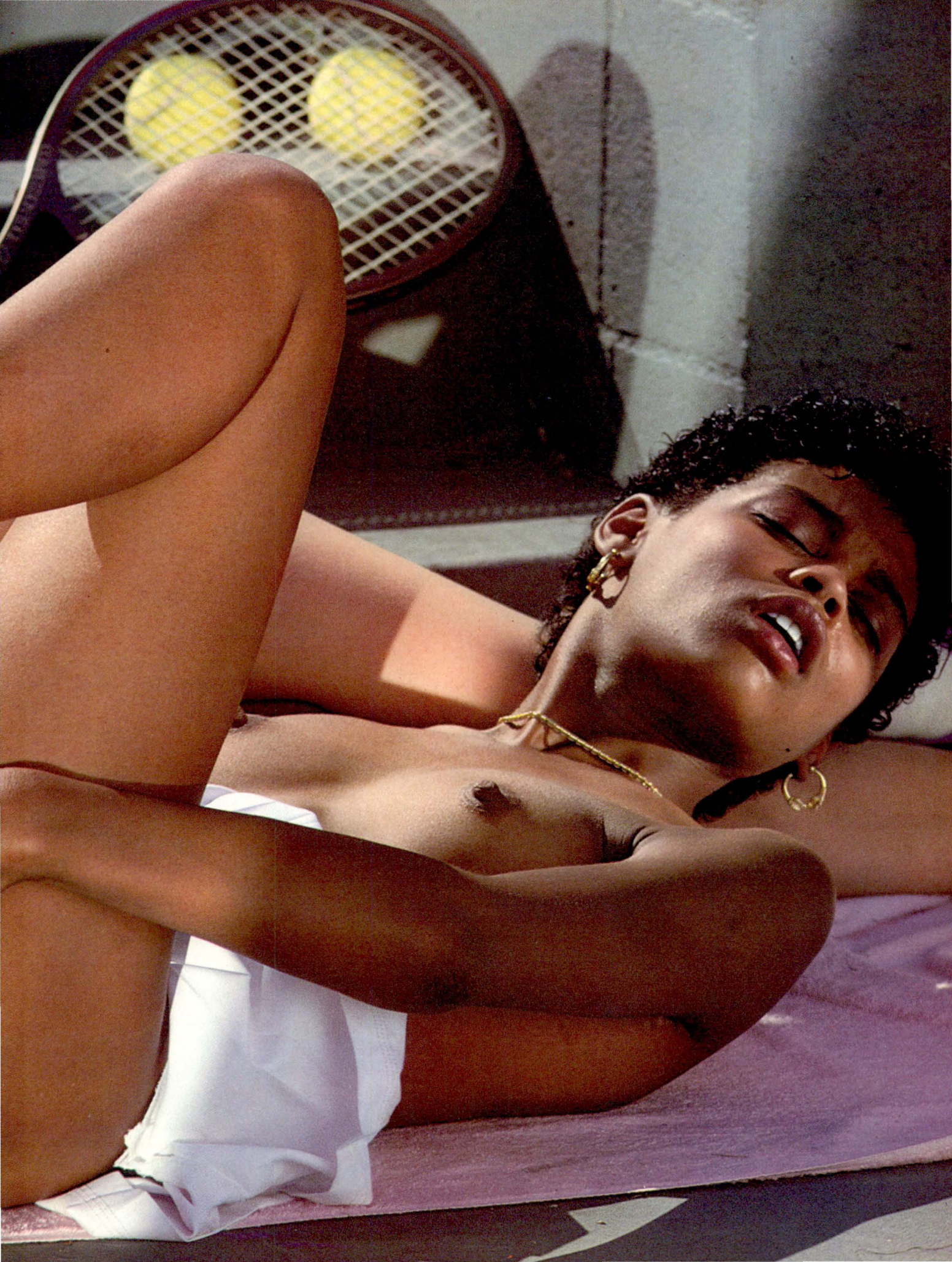





ellesse



They stroke each other's pussies–matching point for point–before moving on to the climax of the competition. Having played each other out, they collapse in exhaustion. When the score is love, both of these ladies are winners.



He gripped my ass with both hands, and I could feel his erection pushing up against my sopping slit.

the time he finished his phone seduction, I had enjoyed a string of orgasms. He started to tell me our time was up, but I blurted out, "No! Don't go. I've got to see you, to touch you. I want you–the *real* you–right now."

"Look," he said, "this is my job; this is how I put food on the table. If you want to be with me–in the flesh–it'll cost–"

"Yes, yes," I interrupted, "I need you. Just tell me where and when."

"If you're serious," he said, "meet me in 45 minutes in the phone booth at the corner of Fifth and Main."

I drove to the location he'd given me. It was in front of a bank at the far end of a small shopping center. There weren't many people around, but when I placed my hand on the door to enter the booth, I felt someone crowding in behind me. Then he pushed me into the cramped cubicle and whispered to me in that incredibly sexy voice, "Hello there, baby. Tommy Touch-Tone's the name."

Turning to face him, I saw not the tall, strapping Greek god I had imagined, but a plain, pleasant-looking man of average height. Before I could say a word, his hands were opening my coat and unbuttoning my blouse. I reached out to stroke his erection through his pants while he kneaded my breasts and thrust his tongue deep into my mouth.

My heart was pounding so hard, I thought I would faint. Here I was, half-naked in a phone booth with a total stranger. When I felt his hands raising my skirt, I looked around frantically. Although the stores were closed and it was dark outside, several cars remained in the parking lot. What if someone I knew were to walk by?

Tommy's fingers slipped under the waistband of my panties and, with two quick jerks, ripped them off me. I tried to say something, but he smothered my mouth with kisses and fingered my humid pussy. That was all it took. Without a care for whoever might be watching, I threw my legs up and around his narrow waist.

"Fuck me, oh, please fuck me now," I begged through clenched teeth. With a grunt of approval he withdrew his dripping fingers from my cunt. Cupping one cheek of my ass in his left hand, he undid his belt, opened his zipper and dropped his pants. He gripped my ass with both hands, and I could feel his erection pushing up against my sopping slit.

"I want your cock," I moaned. Without a word Tommy slammed my pussy down on his rock-hard shaft. It felt so huge inside me, I thought he'd tear me apart.

I was on the verge of climax when he growled, "I want you to come, baby. Come for me." I ground my clit against the base of his prick and began to moan. His pounding became faster, packing all the energy he could muster. I practically screamed, "I'm coming! I'm coming!" as my cunt muscles contracted in spasms of total pleasure.

"Did you like that, baby?" Tommy asked.

I could barely nod my head. I stared up at him, past his massive cock, whose juices glistened on my pussy and thighs. "That'll be $75–in cash," he said, flipping his wet dick into his pants.

"What?" I replied, stunned. "I don't have that much cash on me."

"That's tough tittie, sweetheart," he snapped. His face, which only moments before had been loving and passionate, turned mean and hard. "I guess I'll just have to take my fee in flesh."

With a crazed look in his eyes he grabbed the back of my head–gripping a fistful of my long hair. Then he pulled out his cock again and stroked it a few times until the huge purple head loomed before me.

"Suck me, bitch!" he commanded. "Suck me hard. And don't bite, or I'll kick your fuckin' ass."

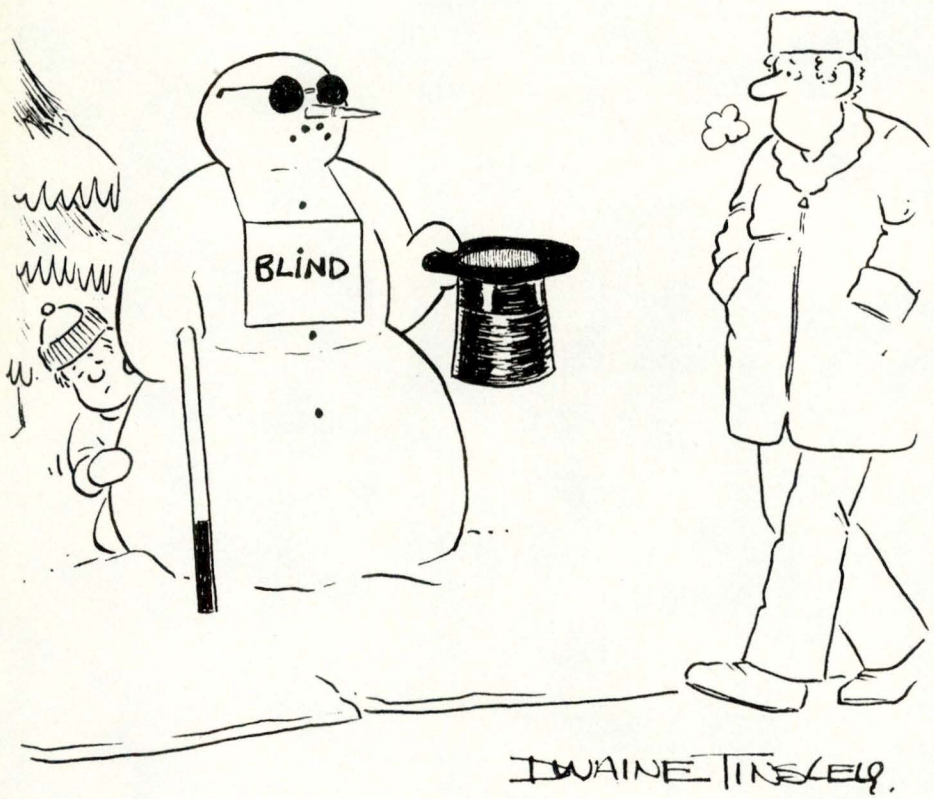
Suddenly, he pushed his penis past my lips and into my mouth. I almost gagged when the cock head hit the back of my throat. As he slowly withdrew, I gulped down as much air as I could before he rammed every inch of his tool inside.

A few strokes later he roared, "I'm coming!," and I felt the first eruption of hot sperm blast down my throat. With all my strength I pushed his hips away from my face. His cock twitched again, flooding my tongue with jism, squirting thick gobs of semen onto my face and hair even before I could swallow it.

"Thanks, baby," he said. "That was great. It looks like we're even now." I watched in silence as he zipped up, pushed open the door of the phone booth and disappeared into the night.

Slowly I cleaned myself off, wiping cum from my face and pussy with my torn panties. Wrapping my coat around me, I walked to my car and drove home.

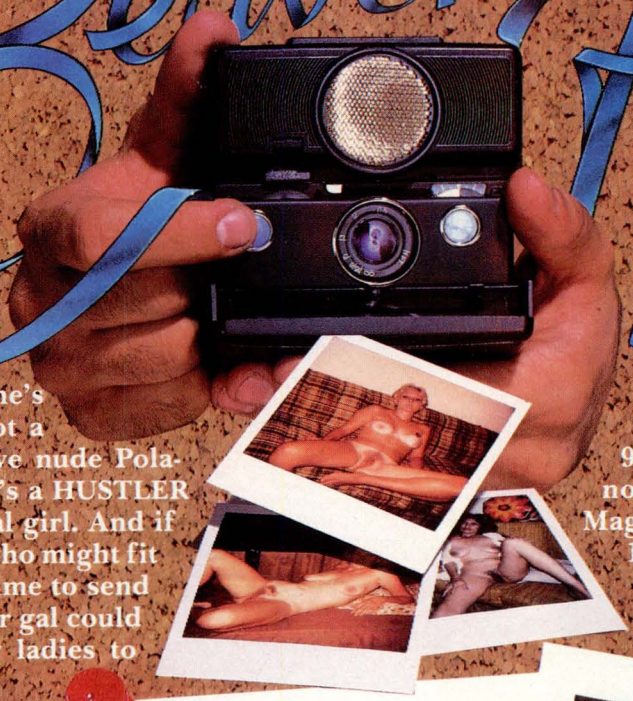
I've never called the service again, but I often think about that episode–the fucking of my life. If I get horny enough, who knows? Tommy Touch-Tone is still only a phone call away.



Beaver Hunt

FREE!!!
BEAVER-HUNTER CAPS TO ALL WINNERS





She's got style . . . she's got class . . . she's got a couple of provocative nude Polaroids of herself. She's a HUSTLER Beaver–a very special girl. And if you know someone who might fit the bill, now is the time to send in those photos. Your gal could be one of the lucky ladies to join the elite company of Beavers, and she'll make a fast $100 to boot. Entries should be sent to *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. All submissions become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Use the model release on page 110, and please fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send the $100.



Photo by Friend



Photo by Husband

Mouser is a cook from Lafayette, Colorado, who spends her free time riding horses and motorcycles. At the tender age of 20 she claims that all her sexual fantasies have been fulfilled.

Montana's 34-year-old Daisy-Mae says she's a "creative housewife" with a passion for bareback riding and nude fishing. Her fantasy involves starring in a porn film with some raunchy ranch hands.


Men & Women
24 HR. SERVICE
A 34-year-old Cincinnati, Ohio, housewife, Red likes to bowl and swim, and she has a thing for celebrities. "I dream of making love to Mr. T in his van," she says.
Photo by Jim
Photo by Jim
Tantalizing Tanya, 28, is a cashier from Cincinnati, Ohio. She likes dancing and swimming, and shares her friend Red's lust for Mr. T.
Photo by Husband
Seattle, Washington's Blondie admits being into sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll, though not necessarily in that order. The 29-year-old's fantasy is to get it on with two couples on a boat in the middle of a lake.
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Photo by Husband

Gardening, ceramics and sex are turn-ons for Cyndi, a 25-year-old waitress from Schenectady, New York. Her recurring dream is taking on two men at once.



Photo by Husband



Photo by Mike O.

Adventurous J.G., a 26-year-old housewife from Reading, Pennsylvania, loves big guys and says she'll do whatever her husband wants to see. Sunbathing, swimming and making love in the water are her primary pleasures.

A part-time model and full-time mother from Buffalo, New York, 22-year-old Dawn spends her spare time arranging flowers and skiing while she dreams of being a HUSTLER centerfold. "I'd get turned on knowing men are aroused just from looking at me," she tells us.

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Photo by Friend

Sue, 21, is a Tampa, Florida, waitress who's into swimming and making love. She dreams of being fucked on the beach while watching the sun set.



Photo by Husband

A 27-year-old housewife from McHenry, Illinois, "Chrissy Cream Cheese" keeps in shape with aerobics and bodybuilding. She fantasizes about being secretly watched while making love to her husband.



Photo by Boyfriend

Cyn is a 28-year-old student and mother from Vancouver, Washington. She loves playing sexual trivia and aches to be devoured by a man and woman simultaneously.



Photo by Boyfriend

HELLO
my name is

Angie is another celebrity watcher; she'd like to seduce David Letterman. The 22-year-old student from Houston, Texas, also dreams of a weeklong orgy on a chartered cruise ship.

Photo by Husband





Photo by Mark

A 26-year-old Bedford, Texas, housewife who's into crossword puzzles, Debbie is a dreamer. "My fantasy is to fuck [the late] Jim Morrison while my husband watches," she insists. Good luck.

Lovely Lori from Millington, Tennessee, is an 18-year-old housewife who's into ice-skating and aerobics. She fantasizes about making love to her husband on a ship in the middle of the ocean.

ARE YOU WOMAN ENOUGH FOR BEAVER HUNT #6?

Our eager Beaver Hunt Editor, whose sole job is to scrutinize every last one of the sexy Polaroids we receive each month, is determined to make our annual collection of Beavers the hottest ever. He's issuing a special call for new female applicants between the ages of 18 and 75–and maybe even a stray pet or two. Send him a couple of color photos, and use the model release on page 110. If he likes what he sees, he'll send you a check for $100. Help keep this guy busy; it's all he has to do in life.

HUSTLER MAGAZINE PHOTO CONTEST MODEL RELEASE



Here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably, more than one photo) in HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt* contest—see opposite page. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

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Include separate sheet if necessary

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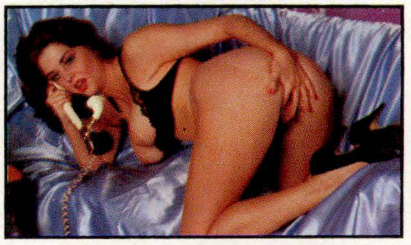
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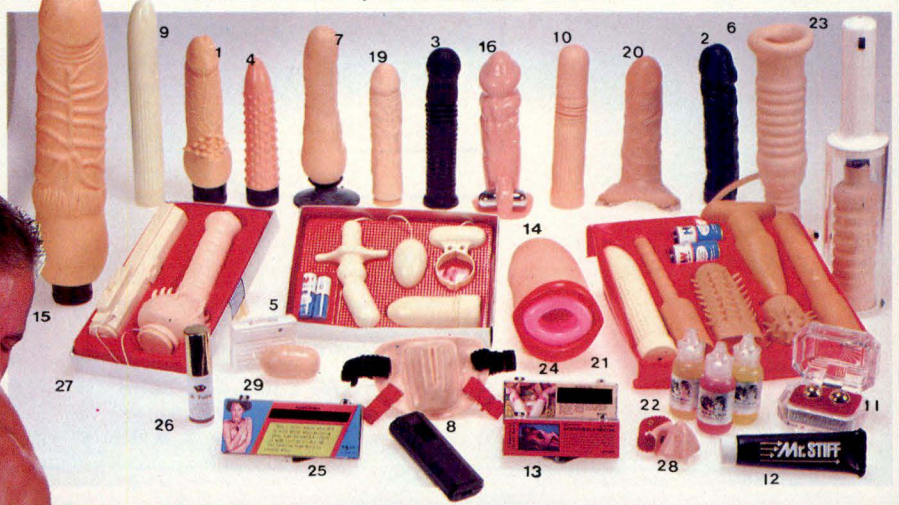
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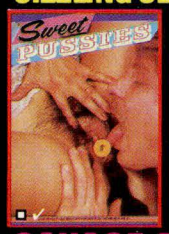
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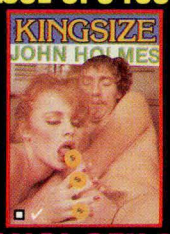
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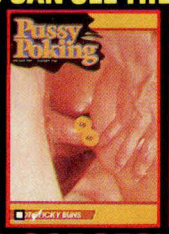
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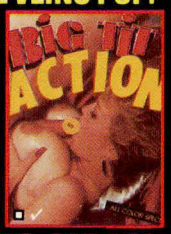
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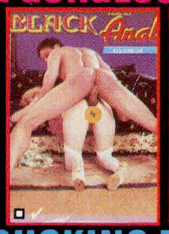


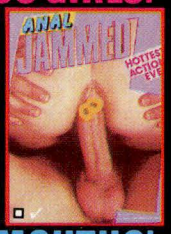


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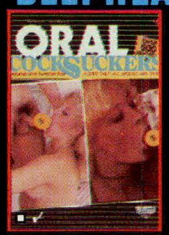




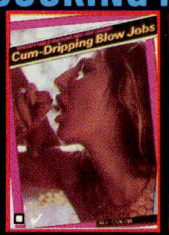


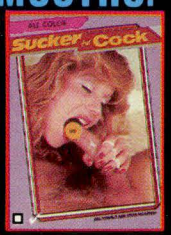


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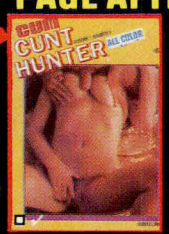








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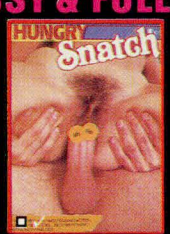


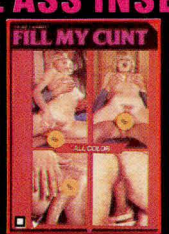


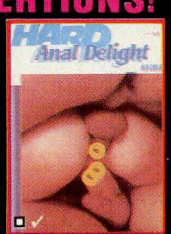


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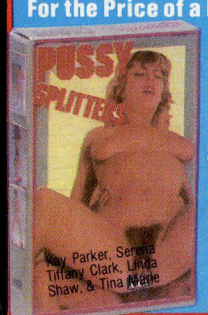




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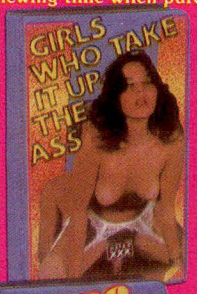
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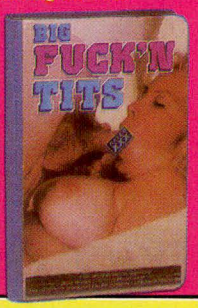
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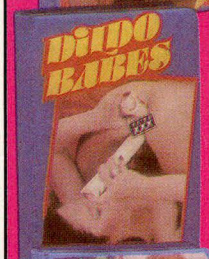
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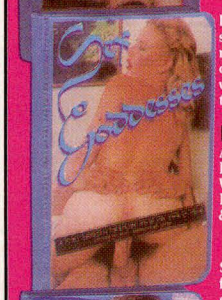
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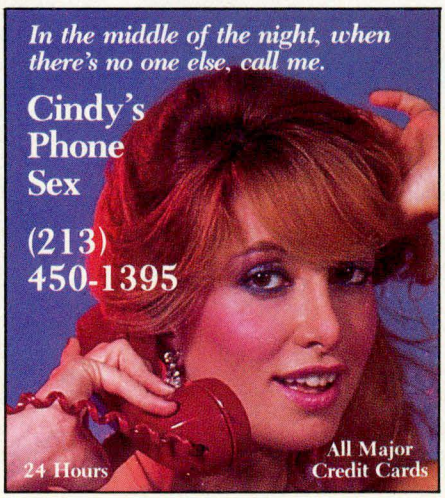

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174D

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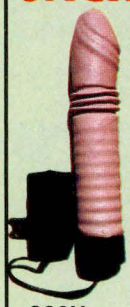
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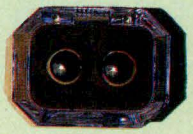


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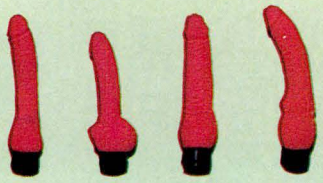
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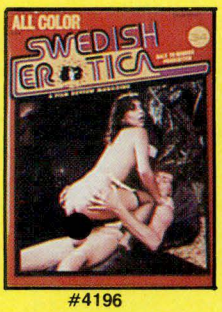
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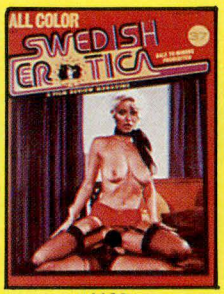
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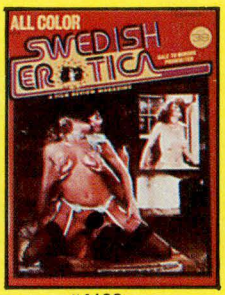
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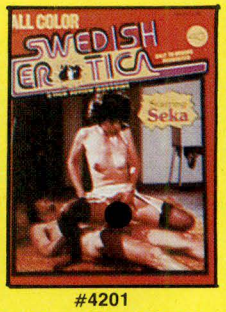
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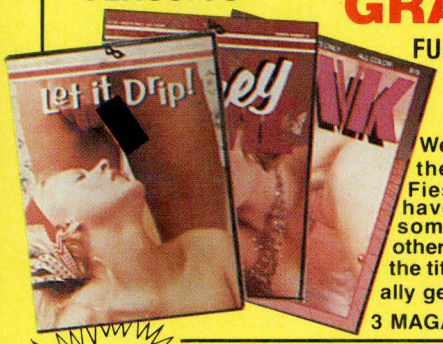
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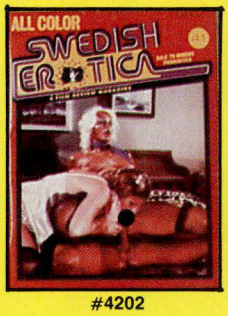


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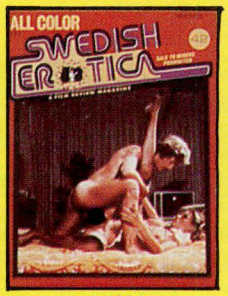
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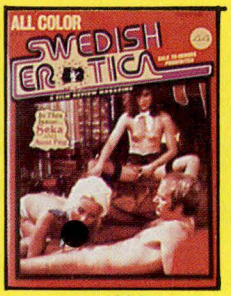
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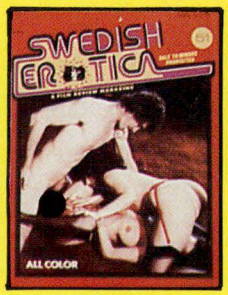
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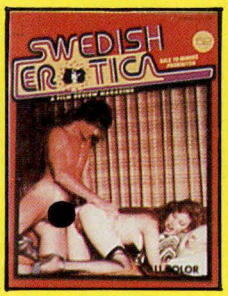
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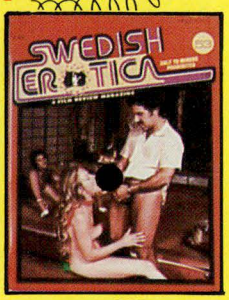
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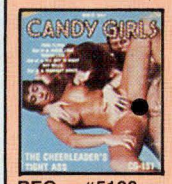
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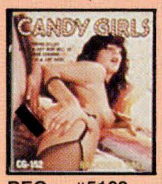
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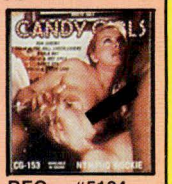
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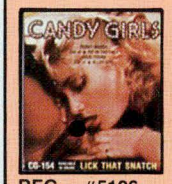
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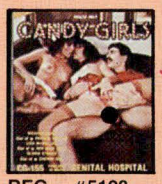
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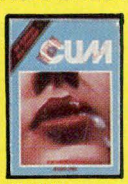
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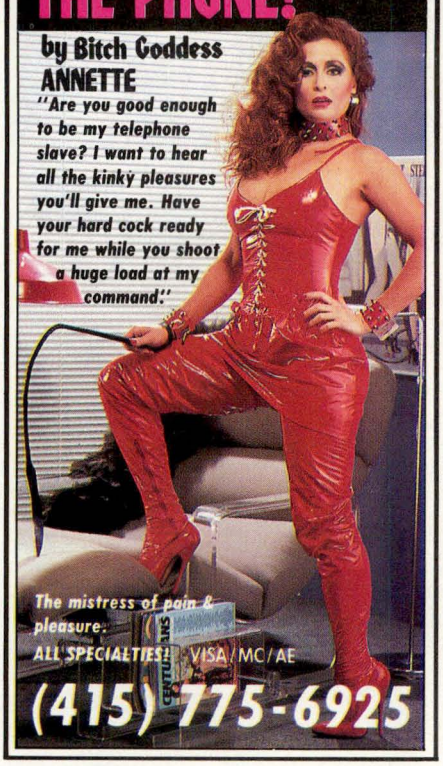
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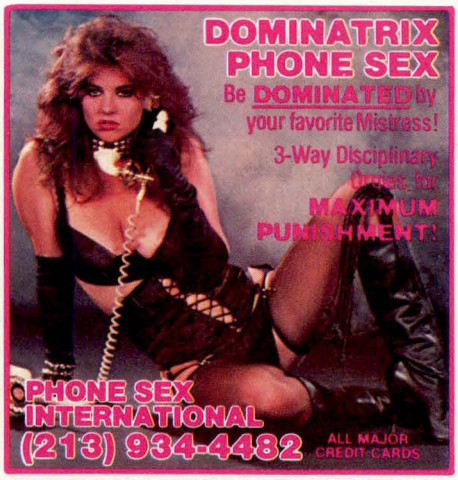
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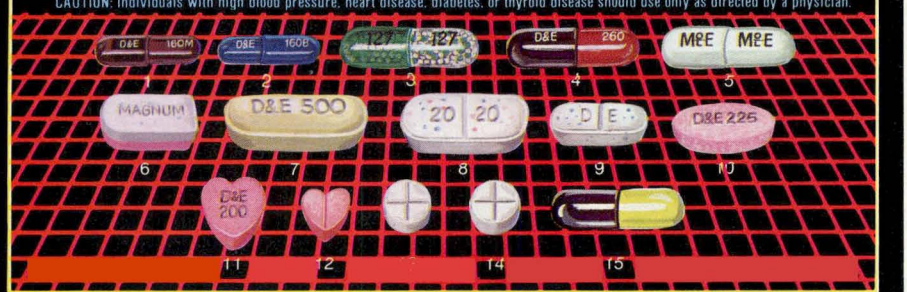
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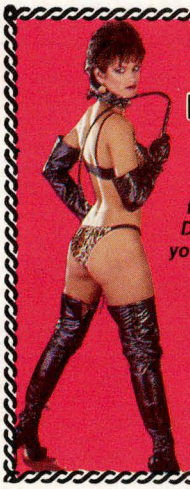
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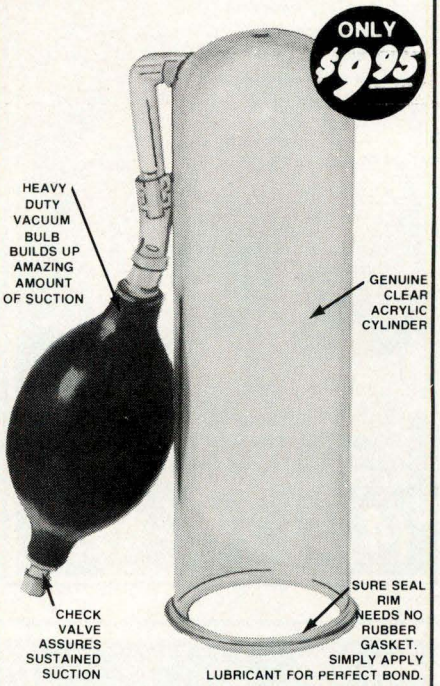


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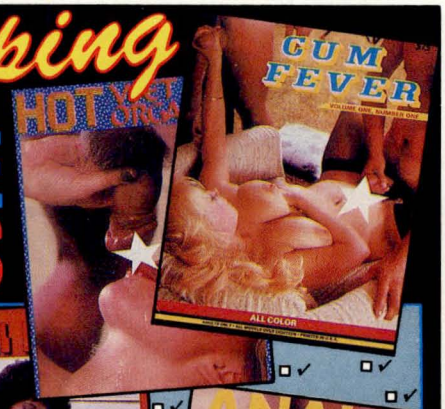
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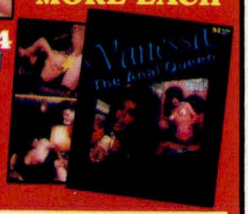


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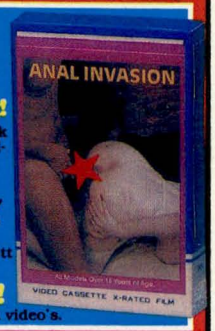
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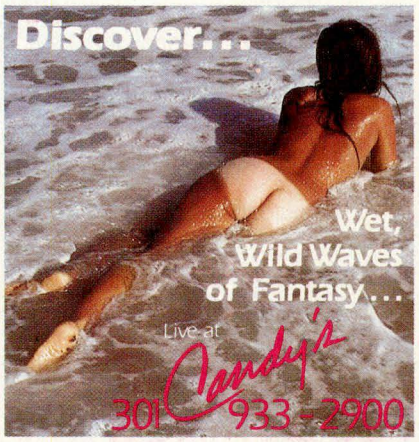
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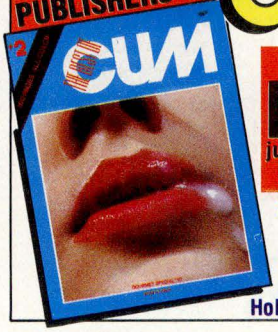


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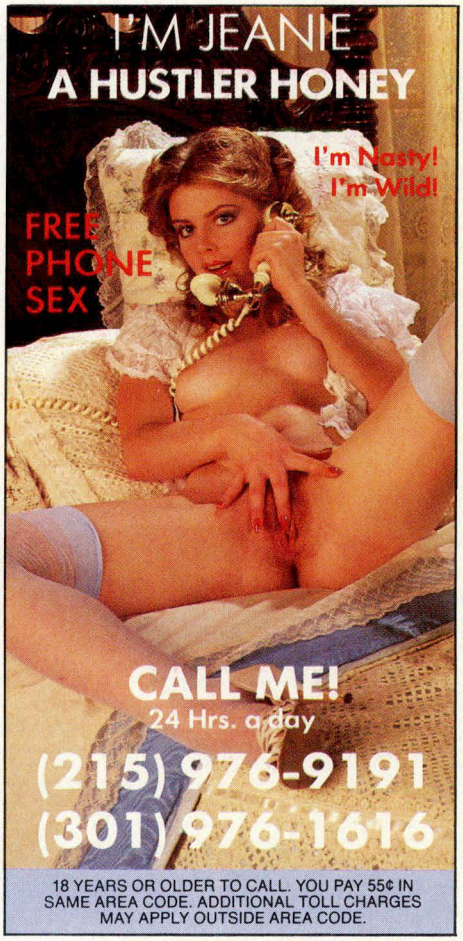
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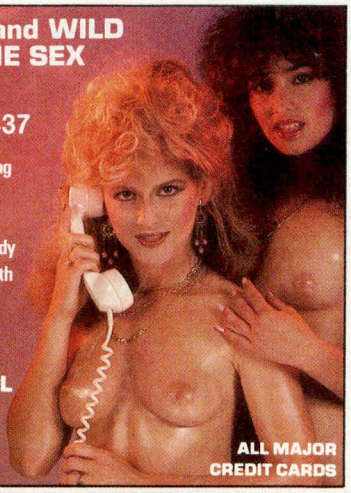
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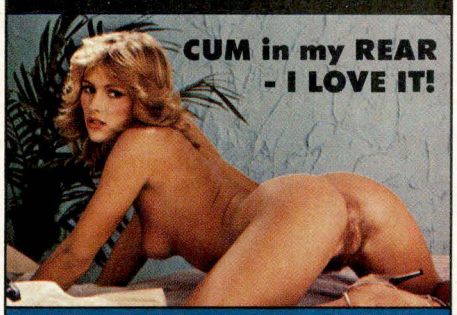
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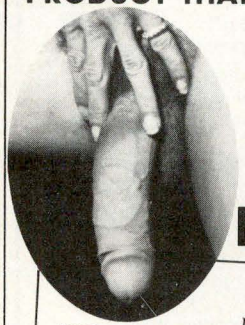
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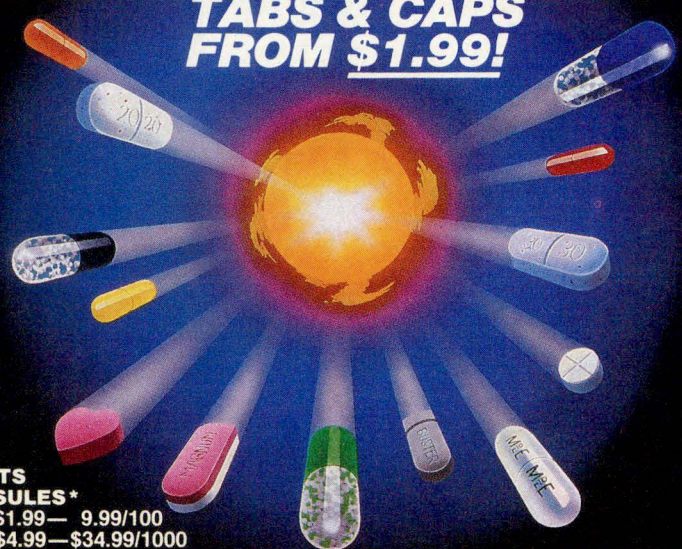
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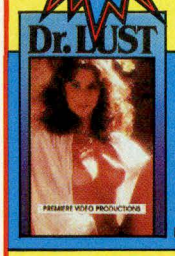
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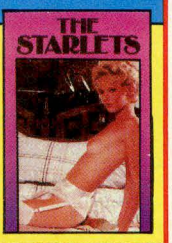
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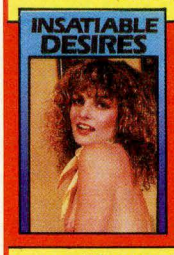
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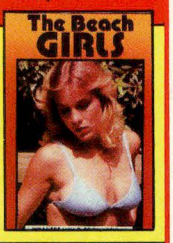
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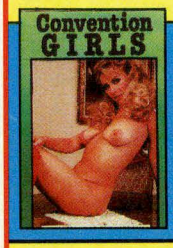




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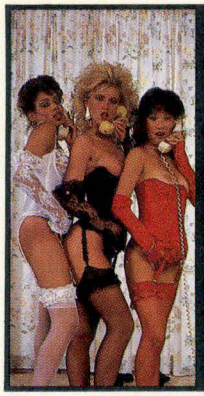
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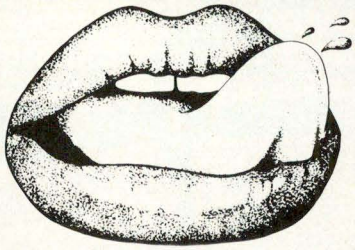
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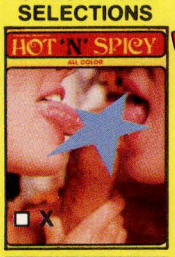
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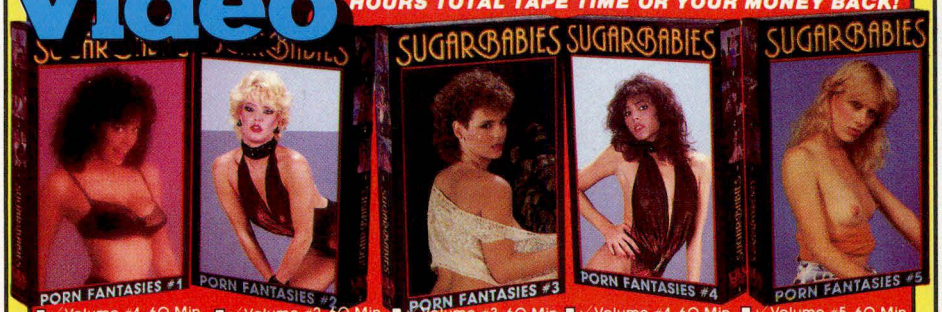




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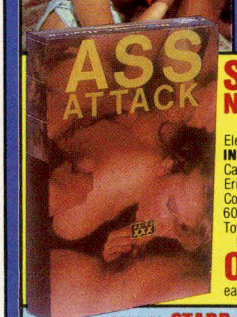
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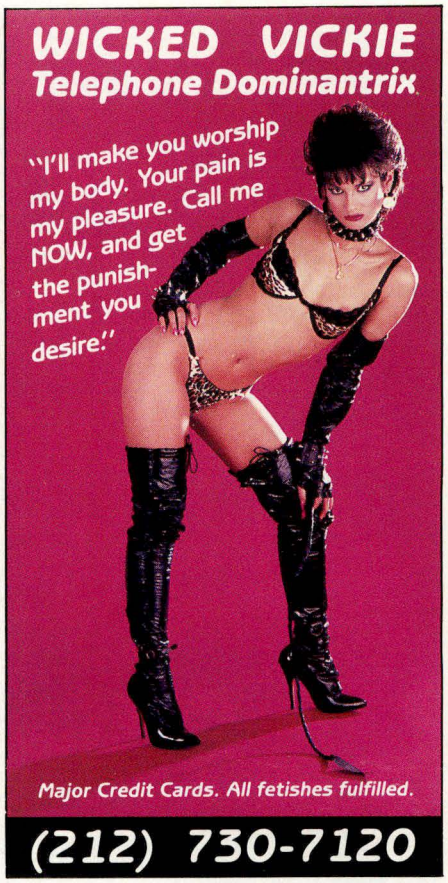


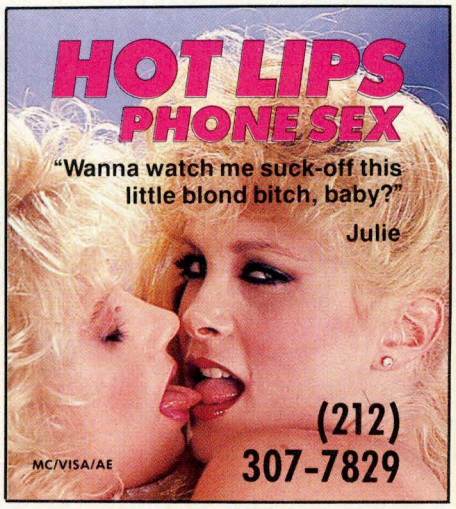
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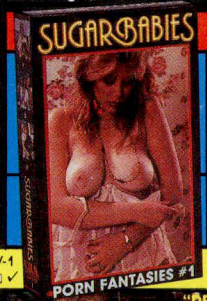
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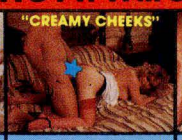


V-1 ☐ ✓

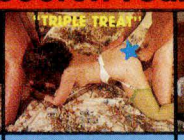
Action So HOT It Will Scorch Your Eyeballs!



☐ ✓ A gorgeous red-head rides this 10" cock to two big, cum-shots!



☐ ✓ He sprays her tender ass cheeks and anal cleft with a powerful cum-shot!



☐ ✓ Wild & foxy Debby sucks one guy while the other cums her pussy.



☐ ✓ A young tigress sucks milky streams of cum out of a swollen cock!

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☐ ✓ Unbelievable close-ups of devouring deep-throat action, ending in a cum-spurting climax!



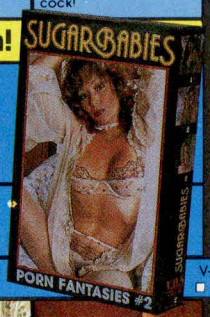
☐ ✓ This honey's pink, pouting cream-filled cunt is literally dripping with cum!



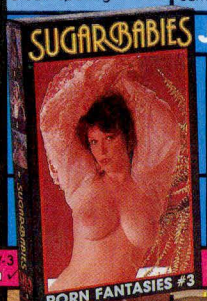
☐ ✓ A muscular dude tears loose on his girl's pussy and ass and violates her totally!



☐ ✓ A 10" cock cums one girl's ass and is deep-throated by the other!



V-2 ☐ ✓



V-3 ☐ ✓

Juicy Pussies & Spurting Erections!



☐ ✓ The cum flows like a river from a sexy girl's hungry mouth!



☐ ✓ A beautiful blonde deep-sucks a swollen cock and milks its cum in a champagne glass!



☐ ✓ A young nubile satisfies an insatiable desire for hard meat and hot tongues.

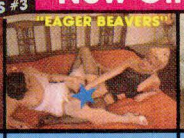


☐ ✓ A beautiful blonde experiences a hot, intense "sandwich job"

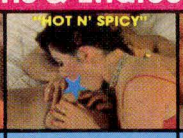
New Girls & Endless Climaxes!



☐ ✓ Lovely Loni Sanders takes three juicy cum-shots, in her mouth, on her tits & up her firm ass!



☐ ✓ Two pussylapping lesbians screw each other with a huge double-dong!



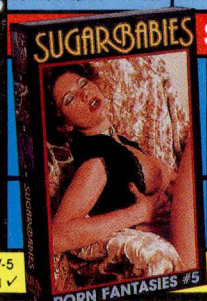
☐ ✓ A lovely Oriental vigorously sucks a hard cock to a full oral cum-shot!



☐ ✓ A sensuous blonde becomes the ultimate ass-fuck! Lots of searing hot close-ups!

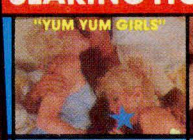


V-4 ☐ ✓

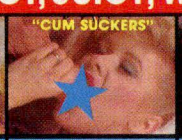


V-5 ☐ ✓

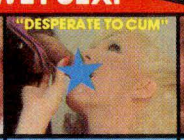
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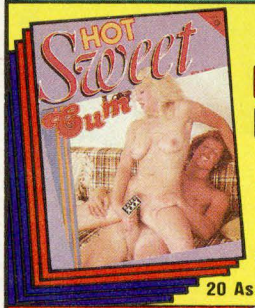
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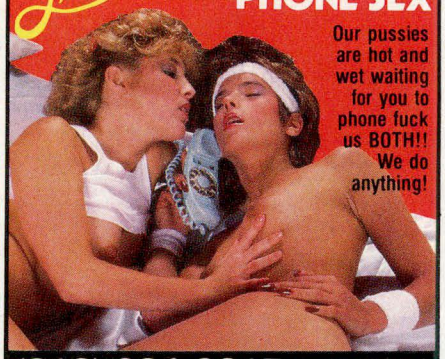
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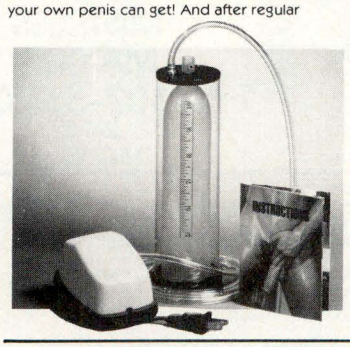
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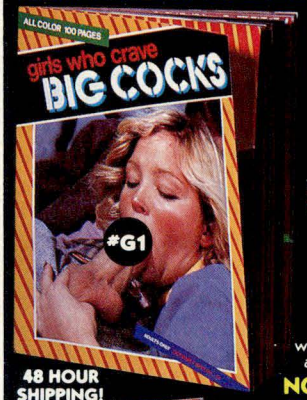
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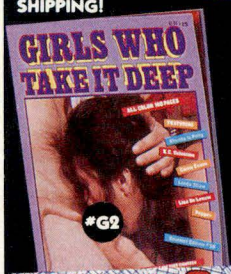
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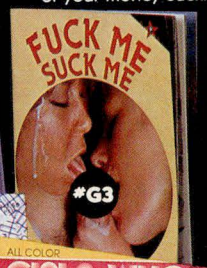
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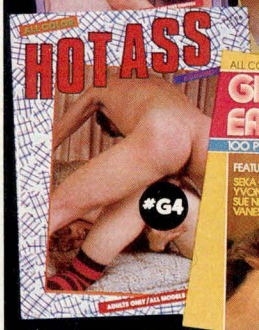
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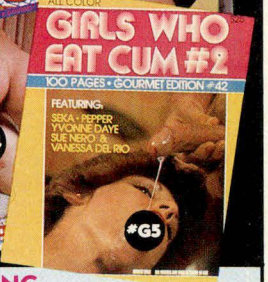
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FALWELL VS. FLYNT

(continued from page 75)

If the verdict is upheld, it will allow public figures who cannot prove libel to collect damages anyway on the subjective complaint of emotional distress. That will open the back door to lawsuits against free speech based on nothing more [than] the reaction of public figures to what may be said about them.

"Defense lawyers will ask Judge Turk to set aside the $200,000 award to Falwell, and if their request is rejected, they will appeal. Falwell, not happy with the verdict either, will also appeal, and the case likely will reach the U.S. Supreme Court, which Falwell hopes will 'set some form of limit in the press for people like Larry Flynt.'

"Of course that is where censorship starts–with 'people like Larry Flynt.' But the danger is that no one knows, once such a precedent has been established, where censorship will end. Floyd Abrams, a noted First Amendment lawyer, went to the core of this strange fight between the evangelist and the pornographer. 'In the end,' he said, 'the risk is that because of the appalling nature of his [Flynt's] behavior, we will find embodied in our law a case which affords fewer Constitutional protections to all our citizens.' "

–*Los Angeles Times*

"The newspaper library does not have a file of HUSTLERs, and it has been several years since I saw the magazine; so I have no firsthand knowledge of the ad in question.

"But it seems on the surface similar to a comedy ad in which Bess Truman is shown endorsing Plato's Retreat (a New York salon in which consenting adults are said to consent) or an ad in which Nancy Reagan is shown endorsing wire lashes for three-year-olds who have been naughty. Such ads might be grossly offensive, or they might be funny, depending on the illustrations and the texts, but they could not be taken seriously by anybody. . . .

"This principle is clearer to see if you forget Falwell and substitute yourself, turned into a figure of exaggerated folly in a magazine, just out of the blue, so that everybody pointed to you and laughed. You could, with any kind of competent lawyer, probably recover a nice pot of cash. . . .

"Falwell is a public figure and has gone far out of his way to become one. He sets up as a moral guide; he attacks evil wherever he thinks he sees it. He identifies himself with the White House, and he pronounces on a wide variety of controversial matters. Such figures invite humorous broadsides. Is there anything in American law to protect you from rude sass when you prescribe to others how they should behave? I think not.

"The truth is that Falwell is protected by law to trot about exhorting one and all to virtue as he sees it, although a few generations back he might well have been burned at the stake for various heresies. It commonly happens that minorities, once granted freedom of expression, start thinking all contrary expression is reprehensible, and start doing their damnedest to make others toe their line.

"The mere fact that a man is a clergyman hardly guarantees him the license to sound off on all occasions, free from all wisecrack responses. . . . If you sound off all day every day on matters of moral and politics, you should not have too thin a skin. If you are a preacher, you should expect an occasional heathen to utter a raspberry."

–Henry Mitchell, *Washington Post*

FEEDBACK

(continued from page 8)

men. Why can't we women just be treated as humans and not pieces of meat?

In the words of one enlightened human being, "Pornography is the best justification for blindness." Consider an alternative.

–Joyce Johnson
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

Maybe it's you who is blind. We feel that our models–male and female–are depicted enjoying their sexuality–and are not pieces of meat.

BEAVER BRANDY:

Beaver Hunt in your February '85 issue is great because of Brandy, the girl with the massive black bush. Seeing all those pubic hairs really turns me on. Why can't we have more of this sort of thing–black hair on a lady's pussy, asshole, even hair under the arms. I am so damned sick of looking at the same thing over and over again–blond cunts with little or no hair.

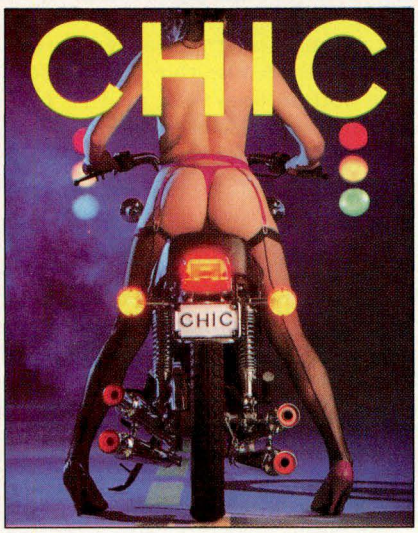
Get Brandy to pose as a centerfold, and give us black-hair lovers a break.

–M. L.
Fairfield, New Jersey

I just bought your February '85 issue, and as always I turned first to your *Beaver Hunt* section. Let me tell you, Brandy was incredible. My, my, what a snatch. If possible, HUSTLER, give us more of this gorgeous Beaver!!

–L. S.
Providence, Rhode Island

Got a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (preferably typed or neatly printed) to Feedback, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Include a telephone number if you want your letter considered for publication.



★ The delicious damsels of CHIC's April '85 issue are wonders to behold. First, you'll plunge into a mind-blowing futuristic battle between female flesh and raunchy robots in INVASION OF THE PUSSY-SNATCHERS. Next, you'll meet our sultry centerfold, Randi, an EASY RIDER whose motorcycle has overheated–and, needless to say, so has she. Then enjoy the marvels of lovely Lucinda in OFF THE RECORD; she's into sizzling stereophonic sound and has an ample set of headphones herself. Finally, join MISSY AND THE MASSEUR in a penetrating pictorial that will rub *you* the right way.

★ Never before has the nightmare of rape been so chillingly examined as in J. R. Nelson's article, BLOODTHIRSTY RAPISTS. Using previously unpublished case histories that will make you wince, the former detective looks into the minds and motives of some of society's most demented criminals and offers suggestions on how women can avoid becoming victims.

★ For factory workers or coal miners the possibility of fatal accidents and damage to their health is a day-to-day reality. But for the millions of white-collar workers in office buildings, hidden dangers lurk in every corner. In a probing investigative report, Lowell LaPont reveals how video-display terminals, asbestos fibers and fluorescent lighting may be killing you.

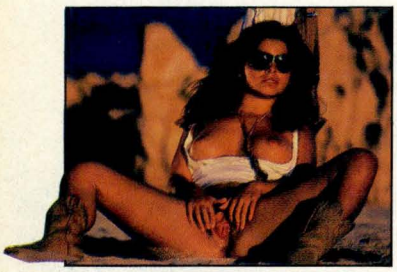
★ Plus: TRIVIA TRIP flexes your memory muscles, ODDS & ENDS provides another batch of laughs, CLOSE-UP gets on the line with an eager-to-please phone-sex operator, and DOPE deals with the hazards of high-tech "designer" drugs.

APRIL CHIC ON SALE NOW!



NEXT MONTH IN HUSTLER®

May issue on sale March 19, 1985



WILD, WILD WOMEN

The girls of May's HUSTLER are hotter than hell! Let us take you from a secluded swimming pool, where a buxom blonde will drive you wild, to the scorching desert and a tawny temptress who'll set your blood on fire. Then a pair of kinky vixens go at each other in a wild fantasy of jungle lust. Finally, uncontrollable passions turn a backyard picnic into a hot-and-heavy threesome when a young beauty serves as a willing sex slave to a pair of macho men.



DIRTY DOCTORS

It's a frightening thought, but if you become terribly ill, you'd better not count on the medical profession for help. Steve Salerno explains in a chilling exposé that promising new treatments for cancer, heart disease and other disorders are being routinely suppressed or ignored because they could affect what for many physicians is the bottom line–their profits. In Salerno's words, "The result is an industry-wide conspiracy that values the medical profession's quality of life over your life, period."



FRANK FACTS

You can't afford to have misconceptions when it comes to birth control. That's why this month's *Sex Play* offers up-to-date information provided by the respected Alan Guttmacher Institute. Cervical caps, sponges, sterilization and a variety of other methods are examined in an attempt to separate hard facts from the myths about a subject vital to anyone who's sexually active.

AND MUCH, MUCH MORE . . .

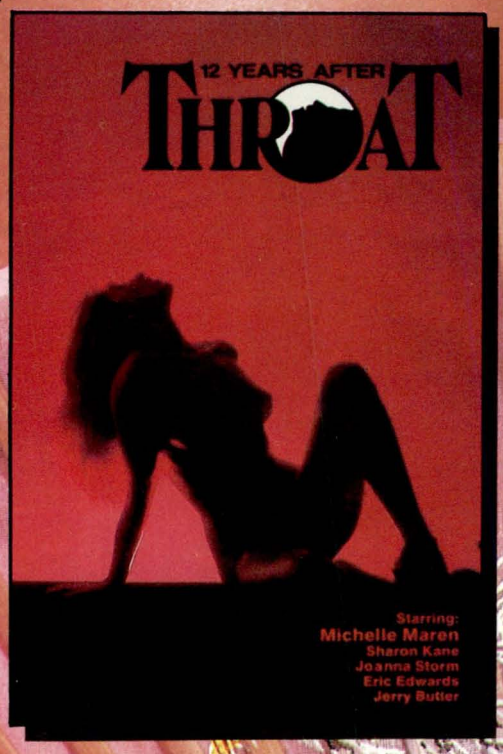
Besides our regular features, *Comic Relief* brings you the thoughts of one of America's most irreverent thinkers, *Melody Makers* keeps you on the inside track of the rock scene, and *Dear Granny* pulls no punches with her lusty sexual advice. Without a doubt, May's HUSTLER is pure excitement from cover to cover.





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THROAT 12 YEARS AFTER—Two swinging couples delve into a world of kinky eroticism in Gerard Damiano's tantalizing tribute to sexual liberation.

UP DESIREE LANE—Follow the sexiest new actress of the '80s as she demonstrates the bone-stiffening prowess that made her famous.

VANESSA . . . MAID IN MANHATTAN—The intoxicating Brooke Fields meets the one-and-only Vanessa Del Rio in a bawdy romp through the Big Apple.

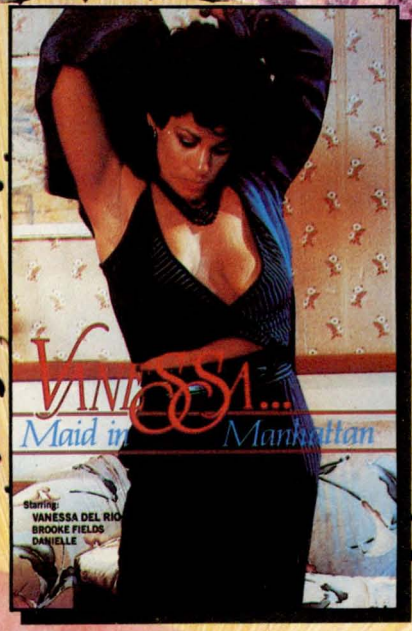
NEW WAVE HOOKERS—Those masters of kink, THE DARK BROS., bring you a hilariously filthy film where the desires of innocent young girls are mercilessly unleashed.





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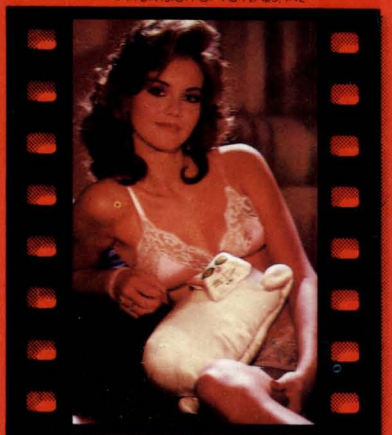
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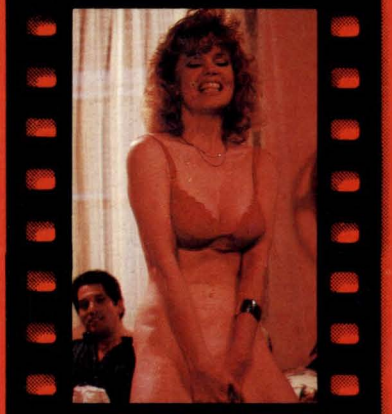


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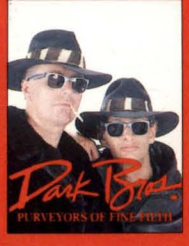
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SEE COUPON ON PAGE 122.



If Hollywood were to make a porno film, this would be it! When porn's biggest box-office duo split up, the stage is set for an out-and-out raunch race as the sex stars try to out-kink each other in this torrid blue movie farce.

Running Time: 82 Minutes

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